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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

The New South and the Conservative Tradition

DONALD DAVIDSON

Catholics, Jews, Politics and Jokes

AN EDITORIAL

The Bar in the Dock

L. BRENT BOZELL

Articles and Reviews by . . . . WILLMOORE KENDALL
REGINALD JEBB · SIR ARNOLD LUNN · RUSSELL KIRK
RICHARD M. WEAVER · JOAN DIDION · JAMES BURNHAM

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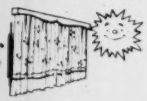
. . . and the increasingly important role they're playing in the planning of homes all over the country. Growing usage of glass and glassed-in areas have created new problems with regard to maintaining effective heating and air-conditioning . . . as well as insuring the greatest possible privacy. One of the most logical and economical solutions is Milium insulated drapery linings and direct application fabrics. They act as radiant heat barriers . . . helping to keep rooms warmer in winter, cooler in summer heat. This means substantial savings on heating and air-conditioning costs. Add to that, the advantages of reduced light filtration and the elimination of drapery fading  . . . and you can readily see why more home owners . . . more interior designers are turning to Milium insulated draperies for the answer to their decorating problems!

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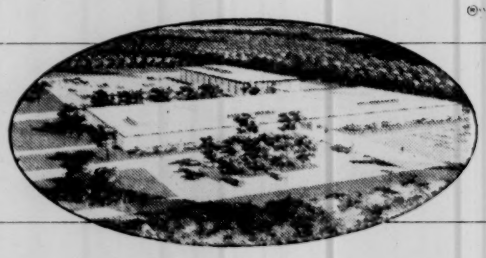

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

→ we feature an article on the South and its conservative tradition by Professor **Donald Davidson** of Vanderbilt University. Mr. Davidson has written extensively for many years on the place of the South in American society and besides has written probably the most widely used college textbooks on rhetoric and composition. We devote considerable space to Mr. Davidson's essay, which is immediately engrossing and which communicates a rhythm that is distinctively Southern: a slow sureness, a reluctance, articulated so eloquently by the author, to accept the monicker or the program of the "New" South. . . . From Sir **Arnold Lunn** we have a few historical remarks on the Olympics. Sir Arnold, who like the poet Roy Campbell has throughout his life been an active sportsman, is acknowledged world patron of the sport of skiing. In fact, he invented the slalom—which for years now has been a regular event in Olympic competition. . . . **Reginald Jebb** was once headmaster of the St. Louis Preparatory School in England, and was editor, from 1934 to 1947, of the *Weekly Review*, succeeding Hilaire Belloc. He writes about the split in the Labor Party.

→ **Brent Bozell** analyzes the fight within the American Bar Association over the Connally Reservation. Mr. Bozell is resuming work on his book, put aside almost two years ago to meet—or try to meet!—immediate political challenges. It is to be a study of the contemporary Supreme Court, and the challenges posed by its passion for sociological pioneering. . . . **James Burnham** reminds us that only twice in the history of warfare have we used the atom bomb; that the world is in fact going to those who can pick up stones and throw them, who can fire small arms, and toss hand grenades. Mr. Burnham, by the way, is hard at work editing, in behalf of NATIONAL REVIEW, a symposium on the relations between the Soviet Union and Red China. The project has been made possible by arrangement with the American-Asian Educational Exchange. Every one of our readers will have a copy free of charge some time in October. . . . **John Chamberlain** tags the New Frontier of Mr. Kennedy the "New Mendicancy," and gives the reasons why. . . . **Russell Kirk** writes about the need to improve textbooks, and about the steps being taken to do just that. . . . Our readers write (See "To the Editor"), and some of them, mostly in good spirit, rough us up a little.

→ **Willmoore Kendall** reviews an important new book by Professor Clinton Rossiter of Cornell. . . . **Richard Weaver** has a look at a new book on the intellectuals by the intellectuals. . . . **Francis Russell** reviews *Elmer Gantry*, the movie version of Sinclair Lewis' inflamed and inflammatory novel. . . . **Joan Didion** disports on some novels put forward as "excellent summer reading." . . . In the next issue **William A. Rusher** will review the important new book on Sacco-Vanzetti by Robert H. Montgomery. →

The WEEK

● The Sierra Leone government has offered a three-hundred-dollar prize for "a simple, distinctive and stirring melody of dignity and relevance" that can serve for a national anthem. It is assumed that there will be no trouble with the words, once we can whistle the tune. Dag Hammarskjold has so far overlooked this almost universal problem of our fledgling nations. As each new anthem is adopted, it must, of course, be sent, in sheet music form, along with specifications for the new flag, to all the bands that play official welcomes to official parties at all the world's ports, capitals and airports. A suggestion has been made by a despairing band leader to have just one international welcoming anthem ("We'll Fight! Fight! Fight! For the UN Tonight!," say) with the others reserved for domestic occasions.

● The friends of Adlai Stevenson are annoyed with Senator Kennedy for refusing to name Stevenson his choice for Secretary of State. Before they go out and work in the Kennedy campaign, they want a firm commitment in behalf of the man who has written that we have less to fear from Communism than from the complexities of modern life. Chester Bowles has announced that he won't seek re-election to the House, and *his* fans are at work trying to get a commitment from Kennedy. On top of that, Averell Harriman has hopped off to Africa this week, whence he is sure to return with fresh misinformation, and therefore with all the qualifications to become Secretary of State—adding another unemployed foreign policy expert to the Kennedy brain trust. Slipping at the polls, facing a rebellious South, a split in the New York Democrats and risky television debates—*plus* the support of the Stevenson, Bowles and Harriman factions; now indeed is the time for Mr. Kennedy's solemnly-proclaimed greatness.

● The so-called Freedom Academy (it is really an anti-Soviet Imperialism Academy) is essential to success in the cold war, Senator Thomas J. Dodd warned his colleagues on the Senate floor. "We have been losing the cold war," he declared (and no one rose to contradict him), "partly because we have failed to understand its total character and partly because we have been amateurs fighting against professionals." To fill the gap in our defenses, the Freedom Academy would aim to develop systematic knowledge about all aspects of the Communist conspiracy; to develop a science of counteraction against Communist subversion; and to train Americans and nationals of other free countries "in the science of total warfare, as it must be waged by free men." S. 1689, which would establish the Academy, was subsequently passed by the Senate and now goes to the House for action.

● A committee of the American Bar Association charged with reporting on Communist tactics, strategy and objectives comes up with pertinent recommendations. 1. It would define the word "organize," as applied to Communist groups under the Smith Act, to "include a continuing process." 2. It would amend the Smith Act to make it a crime to teach and advocate violent overthrow of the U.S. Government regardless of whether the advocacy provably incites pupils to action. 3. It would enact a law enabling the executive branch of the government to determine—and to dismiss if necessary—security risks in both sensitive and non-sensitive government jobs. 4. It would empower the government to fire anybody who refuses to answer, before Congress or any duly authorized officers of the government, queries about Communist affiliations. 5. It would give the government the requisite "teeth" needed to hold or to deport aliens who are Communists, even when (as in the case of Irving Potash) Iron Curtain nations refuse to give Soviet agents visas to return to "home" bases. 6. It would tighten regulations in order to deny passports to U.S. citizens knowingly engaged in subversive activities designed to further Communism. 7. It would stretch the Foreign Agents Registration Act of 1948 to require agents who live abroad to label the origins and intent of propaganda they send into the U.S. 8. It would make clear the right of individual states to disbar or to refuse to admit to practice lawyers who are members of the Communist Party. 9. It would continue the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security and the HUAC as essential to the enactment of sound security legislation.

● Having heard some rumors to the effect that Republican Senator Styles Bridges of New Hampshire is "in trouble" for the coming fall election, we took the precaution to check among political reporters of Manchester, N.H. "Well," said one on-the-spot expert, "the Senator may be in trouble to the extent that Kennedy, as head of the Democratic ticket, is a vote-getter. But you must remember two things about Styles: he is a worrier, and he has a pretty good record for taking care of things when the pinch comes." Inasmuch as Bridges, with his seniority power, is a conservative "must" in the U.S. Senate (his ACA consistency rating is close to 99 per cent), we trust that others besides the Senator will "worry" enough support out of the Republicans to keep a long-time victory record intact. A Senate without Bridges would be a sadly diminished institution.

● Up to August 5 the value of American properties confiscated by Castro amounted to $400,500,000. The following day, the Cuban government swept up, among other properties, the Cuban Electric Company, the Cuban Telegraph Company, Standard Oil, Texas Oil, and 36 sugar mills. Total value of one day's work: $870 million. It is only a matter of time before the $100 million Nicaro Mining Complex and the $75 million Freeport Sulphur mines are similarly stolen. Noting the difference between Castro's respect for American rights and General Trujillo's—with whom the U.S. has broken diplomatic relations—Senator Olin Johnson (D., S.C.) commented bitterly ". . . we must not take action to drive out of the government of that country the man who has . . . stood up so firmly against Communism. . . . If the present government of the Dominican Republic were removed, the situation there would develop in much the same way that the situation in Cuba has developed."

● Britain's social revolution rolls on, dedicated to the utmost happiness for everyone. The Ministry of Pensions announced this week that now one out of every three Britons receives *regular* weekly benefits under Britain's social security system. Obviously the two-thirds of the English who are not being helped by government are being discriminated against for the benefit of the new privileged class. Any egalitarian worth his salt will come out for new legislation taxing the few for the benefit of the many.

● Fishermen at the Danish port of Gedser—scene of a dramatic break for freedom by nine Czechs last month—have adopted a liberation program of their own. They keep a raft moored close to the dock that services a twice-a-day ferry from East Germany. A sign on it invites Iron Curtain refugees, should they at the last moment decide on a dive for freedom, to repose on the raft until they can be fetched ashore.

● Do the Russians, elated by the performance of Francis Powers, plan to stage another trial in the near future? Jack Anderson, an assistant to Drew Pearson, says that Lt. John McKone, a crewman of the RB-47 reconnaissance plane shot down in international waters by the Russians, has written to his wife that he is happy and healthy in his Soviet prison. "McKone's letter is almost identical in language to those Powers wrote to his wife from his prison cell," reports Anderson, and "Air Force officers have concluded from the letter that McKone, while not brainwashed, has been at least brain-rinsed."

● Premier Patrice Lumumba has reportedly signed and circulated among his followers a directive to "use every ruse to paralyze the clergy; never respect it; cause them every possible trouble so that they will not be able to oppose us." The document, published in the Brooklyn *Tablet,* is stridently anti-Catholic. Lumumba has also threatened to nationalize mission schools, and charged clerics with plotting against his life. One-third of the Congolese population is Catholic.

● In Geneva recently, James Wadsworth, the new U.S. delegate to the United Nations, smugly told the World Federation of United Nations Associations: "I rather doubt that the scientists who feel the way Dr. Teller [Edward Teller, the "father" of the hydrogen bomb and proponent of continued nuclear testing] does will have any influence in changing the mind of the Eisenhower Administration and the chances are excellent that they would not change the mind of any other Administration that is to follow it."

Two Weeks Left to Save the Congo?

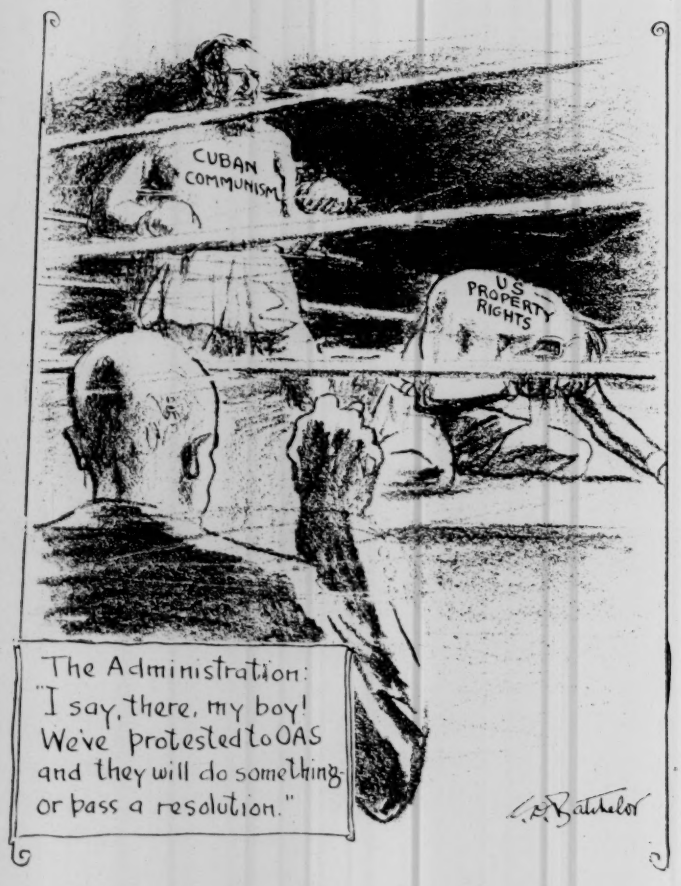
At the rate at which we are losing nations, we had better think twice before we deplore the rate at which they are proliferating. If Mr. John R. Gibson, the able correspondent for the *Wall Street Journal,* is correct, intelligence experts are now reasoning that unless we bring order to the Congo before the 15th of September, the Soviet Union will have fixed its grip over Congolese affairs unshakeably. To bring order to the Congo involves, among other things, removing or neutralizing the single greatest agent of disorderliness, Patrice Lumumba. To effect that goal would mean standing up to the great protector of Lumumba, the Soviet Union. That is not an exercise in which the United Nations High Command is practiced.

The influence of the Communists within the Congo is not a spontaneous development of the past three weeks. *Now* we are being told that the preparations of the Communists for Congolese independence have been systematic at least since 1953; that it is most probably the Communists who called the signals during the months immediately before Independence Day; that Communists within the Belgian government provided active collaboration, synchronizing with considerable effect independence with Communist preparedness. It is seriously suggested, even, that the rioting, rape and plunder that caused the panicky stampede of whites out of the Congo were cynically stimulated by the Communists to effect the mass withdrawal of virtually the entire white population . . . And now Lumumba, having divested himself of Western whites, is telling his people that *some* whites are all right, that these whites are to be made welcome; for indeed, Russians are white,

and notwithstanding their zeal, do not plan to go about the Congo in blackface. It is of course just possible that the Congolese are not quite that ductile and cannot, at the sudden beckoning of their leader, be made to lose overnight their appetite for white meat.

What shall we do? The UN will probably do nothing. Under its own laws it must withdraw when Lumumba rescinds his invitation, and that he has practically done. The alternative for the UN involves a little legalistic legerdemain: Hammarskjold could take the position that, once invited in to restore law and order, the UN will not withdraw until after law and order have been restored—and then proceed to depose Lumumba, as the principal catalyst of disorder. But the United Nations—as we keep reminding its fanatical votaries—is not an instrument readily at the disposal of the West. It is an amoral instrument ("a *procedure*, not a policy," as Professor Hans Morgenthau continues to put it), and as much at the disposal of the Soviet Union as at our disposal. The same Hammarskjold who was satisfied that law and order had been restored in Budapest when Soviet tanks had exterminated the disorderly Freedom Fighters is not likely to intervene in the Congo if Lumumba, backed by Soviet technicians and soldiers, succeeds in "keeping the peace"—which they know very well how to do.

What can the United States do? We can and must


CUBAN COMMUNISM
U.S. PROPERTY RIGHTS
The Administration: "I say, there, my boy! We've protested to OAS and they will do something or pass a resolution."

back Moise Tshombe. The non-Katangese Congo is poor, weak, strategically nugatory. If Tshombe should succeed in his design for a loose Congo federation, Lumumba would be powerless to monopolize the Congo, and therefore the efforts to Sovietize the Congo would also fail. If we are to strengthen the hand of Tshombe we need concerted action by France, England and Belgium. The French and the British know now more clearly than two months ago in what peril their own colonies in Africa breathe, and how hazardous is the condition of civilization in Africa. If we act now, there is much that can be done, for the situation is still in flux. It may no longer be, this time next month.

Mañana

We congratulate Mr. Herter on his part in bringing about a censure by the Organization of American States of the Soviet Union and, indirectly, Cuba. True, Cuba was not mentioned by name, but that delicacy did not prevent the Cuban foreign minister from walking out; for he knew, as the world knew, that Cuba had been censured; just as the world knew that Senator McCarthy was censured, even though the Senate resolution did not say just that.

The mistake is to assume that Cuba, l ke Senator McCarthy, will on account of that censure fold up and die. Votes of censure are objects of scorn and even laughter to conscienceless beings. The Communists grow fat on votes of censure. We censured the Soviet Union, in effect, after her suppression of the Hungarian revolt, but we did not chasten her; nor did the UN's censure serve to chasten Red China; nor did the League of Nations domesticate Mussolini.

The symbolic meaning of the nations of Latin America siding with the United States against one of their own is reassuring (though it is curious that their having done exactly the same thing with respect to the Dominican Republic was not considered so arresting; the difference being that one is a dictatorship of the so-called right, the other a dictatorship of the left, against which one does not, generally, stir). But symbolic cohesion simply does not mean very much in the march of international affairs, as all of us know from painful and reiterated experience. What *was* accomplished at San José of practical and enduring consequence was the dismemberment of the Dominican Republic. Trujillo will, in due course, go down: and let us hope that when his little satrapy is put together again, Solomon will be elected president. But the point is we do not know—have no idea—who will succeed Trujillo, and we may yet pine for the regime of the Benefactor of the Republic. Meanwhile we scowl toothlessly at Castro. Not one of the

Latin American Republics has any intention whatever of taking practical steps to protect the unity of the hemisphere by bringing down the Castro regime.

Act III

To a layman, the recent National Labor Relations Board ruling in the six-year-old Kohler Company strike reads like a parody written by Morrie Ryskind for inclusion in a musical comedy farce.

To begin with, the NLRB has ordered the Kohler Company to take 1,700 strikers back. That the strikers are still, nominally, on strike would, to the uninitiated, constitute a slight impediment to such action—but conceivably Mr. Reuther of the United Automobile Workers could overlook disobedience to his orders. (As a matter of fact, some 700 of the original strikers quit the UAW a long time ago and returned to their jobs despite Mr. Reuther's continuing strike order. Under the terms of the NLRB ruling, would Kohler be required to fire these "strikebreakers" and then replace them—by themselves?)

The NLRB does not admit the contention of the UAW that the strike was originally caused by "insincere bargaining" on the part of Kohler. It was simply that the parties had "failed to reach a contract." No farce in this. But the sinister whimsy begins when the NLRB goes on to remark that the company "prolonged" the strike by creating "serious impediments" to settlement. Such as giving a couple of wage increases to those who were still working for the company without making the same offer to strikers. (Well, what should the company have done, go behind Reuther's back at a time when the UAW was holding out for a union shop? Anyway, the Kohler Company argues that the NLRB simply has its facts wrong: when the company offered identical pay increases to the union, Mr. Reuther's negotiators rejected them.)

The farce magnifies if one recalls that when the company was allegedly creating "impediments" to settlement, union representatives were busy with "belly-to-back" picketing (admitted by the NLRB to have been "improper"), and with such "peaceful" niceties as shoving, pushing, blocking, bumping, tr pping and kicking men who were seeking Kohler jobs. The union massed as many as 700 persons at a given time to curse, jeer and threaten at the homes of non-strikers. Houses were defiled and even set fire to or bombed, cars were overturned, non-strikers were ambushed and beaten and their wives terrorized by anonymous telephone calls and letters. When UAW operatives imported into Sheboygan, Wisconsin, from the neighboring state of Michigan found they could not interrupt Kohler production by terrorist tactics, they tried, though unsuccessfully, to start a nationwide boycott of Kohler goods. The most farcical element in the NLRB's use of the words "serious impediments to settlement" is that they do not refer to what the strikers themselves were doing, but to the Kohler management's supposed refusal to offer wage increases to a union that was conducting itself in calculated defiance of several provisions of the Taft-Hartley law.

The NLRB seems astounded that the Kohler Company should have investigated NLRB agents for itself. But what has this to do with the case? Doesn't anybody have the right to acquaint himself with information about the agents of a government which he helps elect to office?

Though farce is always enjoyable if one is out after literary pleasures, it remains intolerable that our legal and administrative mechanisms for settling labor disputes can drag out an issue for six years and then come up with a ruling that is based on no current realities. The facts of the Kohler case are these: management and union could not see eye to eye, even after a period of bargaining in good faith; the union struck; management, needing production as the alternative to bankruptcy, refused to be put out of business; the public rendered its own verdict by refusing to be intimidated by boycotters; many of the strikers decided to go back to work in defiance of their union leadership; and the "market" took over as the company raised wages and continued as a competing unit in the plumbing fixture industry. Now the NLRB has ruled against these facts. And the American people are stuck with their own King Canute labor laws.

Can you really do better, Morrie?

Catholics, Jews, Politics and Jokes

Last week Mr. Don Ahrens, the head of a committee of the Republican Party in Michigan, addressed 1,500 delegates to a Republican state convention on problems of finance and introduced his talk—as who would not whose subject is money-raising?—with a few political pleasantries. Among these was a crack that ended up ruining Mr. Ahrens' weekend. Said he jocularly to the delegates, "You know what the Democratic slogan is this year? It's Hail Mary, you all."

Well, there was laughter all around, but before long the complaints began to come in. Mr. Ahrens, a venerable gentlemen, retired as vice president of General Motors and former head of its Cadillac division, was evidently astonished that anyone should have read invidious intent into his little joke, and so his first statement was a rather condescending

apology, obviously the kind wrenched out of an unwilling client by a public relations man: "If you think my remark offended anybody," he allowed himself to be quoted, "you have my apologies now." In view of the particular circumstances, *we'd* have advised Mr. Ahrens to issue the statement: "I shall this very night get down on my knees and say devoutly three Hail Marys in behalf of those drab and frightened spirits who construed my levity as an attack on religion." But it did not go that way. Later on the heat intensified and, by golly, before poor Mr. Ahrens was through he was groveling in every direction and issuing apologies on a veritable assembly line. Not only did he not, he said, intend to say anything anti-Catholic; he wants it known he is *himself* a devout Catholic. And would you believe it, he and the public relations staff were so tasteless as to record painstakingly Mr. Ahrens' encyclopedic activities in behalf of his church throughout his long and illustrious career: namely, to wit, he is "chairman of the board of Providence Hospital, was chairman of a drive to re-establish the Convent of the Sacred Heart to Bloomfield Hills, Michigan, is a member of the Archdiocesan Development Fund, a member of the Committee for Boysville, and active in many other parochial and charitable programs."

The fuss, incidentally, appears to have been generated largely by non-Catholics. In the *New York Times*' account, only Representative Alvin M. Bentley, who is running for the seat of Senator McNamara (who happens to be a Catholic) was quoted directly. He charged that Mr. Ahrens had injected a religious issue into the campaign, and took the occasion to intone at length the ritualism about the need to keep religion and politics sharply differentiated (which, incidentally, strikes us—admirers of Mr. Bentley—as about the most anti-religious statement one can make.) We doubt very much that the Catholics who listened to their fellow Catholic Mr. Ahrens were offended. No Catholic who has listened to an after-dinner speech by Bishop Fulton Sheen will ever read anti-Catholicism or irreverence into a robust joke absolutely devoid of sacrilegious intent, poking fun not at the Heavenly Host, but at oneself, one's institutional affiliations, and at the folkways and mores of a mad world. But let us grant the awesome political consequences of humor, at least in some places. Asked by a reporter how he could account for the surprise defeat of Adlai Stevenson by Estes Kefauver in the Minnesota primary in 1956, Raymond Moley replied, "Did *you* ever try to tell a joke in Minneapolis?"

And then, also last week, Mr. Joseph Alsop wrote a column about the voting pattern of a predominantly Jewish neighborhood near New York. The roof fell in. Letter upon letter appeared in the *New York Herald Tribune* accusing Mr. Alsop of encouraging religious bigotry by so much as suggesting that the Jews vote as a bloc. Mr. Alsop replied vigorously and did much to cut through the cant that envelops these sensitive questions. ". . . the implication of all the letters," he said, is "that there is something invidious in the suggestion that any group of citizens tends to vote as a bloc. This notion is plain foolish, if only because all Americans belong to one identifiable group or another, and all these countless groups tend to vote as blocs. Right across the spectrum, from Protestants of old stock to the tiny group of Americans of Syrian-Lebanese origin, the rule holds good . . . bloc-voting is most certainly not a 'dangerous myth' as one letter-writer strangely asserted.

"Any practical observer and reporter must therefore begin by acknowledging the existence of bloc votes of many different kinds—Jewish; Catholic; within the Catholic, Irish, Italian, Polish and so on; Negro of course; . . . and great numbers of other bloc votes which are sometimes based on racial origin, sometimes on religious affiliation, sometimes on occupation, like the farmers, and sometimes in sectional memory, like the surviving loyal Southern Democrats. The proof of the different voting tendencies of the different groups was plain to be seen in the community I recently polled, Rosedale [N.Y.], which I found one of the most agreeable, politically aware and patriotic communities I have ever polled. A suburban Catholic community of the same living standard would be about 80 per cent Republican. A comparable Protestant community would be anywhere from 65 per cent to 90 per cent Republican, depending on the incidence of professional men and teachers. The Jewish people I talked to in Rosedale voted 80 per cent Democratic in the last election . . ."

The two incidents are related. In Michigan the implicit suggestion is that mature Americans cannot accept a political jest with a religious flavor; and we say that is a grave charge to level against a decent and worldly citizenry. In New York it is suggested that anyone who reports how in fact the Jews tend to vote is fomenting anti-Semitism. That is a call to obscurantism, a call which Mr. Alsop resisted with more courage than Mr. Ahrens did a similar provocation.

We should quickly add that one must always distinguish. Some religious stories are inherently invidious, and considerations of taste and gentleness must govern. In contemporary humor there are other tendencies; some are destructive (*e.g.,* H. L. Mencken), some sadistic (*e.g.,* Tom Lehrer), some wanton and reckless (*e.g.,* Heywood Broun, Mort Sahl). Other humor, even if it is politically tendentious—and we think Mr. Ahrens' crack was in this class—is merely effervescent. And then it is one thing to go about saying, as the Gerald L. K. Smiths

do, that the Jewish people are a part of a master plan to undermine American society, and another to say, as Alsop has done, that empirical research demonstrates that Jews tend to vote the Democratic ticket. Which makes the Jews no worse than the Roosevelts—and *that* isn't said invidiously either!

And so we say: in the forthcoming election, the *typical* Irish Catholic (not all, by any means) will vote for Kennedy, and so will the typical Jew (not all Jews); and we may have here the beginnings of a great romance, who knows? Oh yes, one thing more: we will not apologize for this statement, nor even recite our devotional autobiography.

Bravo, Astronaut Hazlitt!

We reproduce a letter from Mr. Henry Hazlitt that appeared in the New York Times *on Saturday, August 27, 1960. We take the occasion to predict that, before the American election, the Soviet Union will claim to have put a human being into orbit and recovered him.*

On Aug. 17, two days before the Russians sent up the dogs, I was shot into orbit inside a twelve-ton space ship. After seventeen revolutions around the earth I tilted my retro-rocket and landed safely within seven inches of a preselected target.

This means that I have scored a first, ahead even of the Russian claims. Reasons of military security as well as my habit of secrecy prevent me from saying anything really informative about the mechanism of the satellite, or revealing the place from which I was shot into orbit or the place of landing, or any other such detail. Nor did I give out any advance notice of the intended time of the shot so that tracking stations could satisfy an idle curiosity. I may reveal, however, because of its extreme scientific interest, that my wife could distinctly see me through a television camera taking orange juice, toast and coffee.

If either Russian or American scientists are malicious enough to ask for the evidence that this took place, they have my word, which is at least as good scientific evidence as an announcement by Tass. Besides, here is the clincher. I am alive and healthy, show no ill effects from my trip, and can be visited and photographed by skeptics. If I had not been recovered safely from the capsule, how would all this be possible?

No doubt the Russians, as usual, will ignore or belittle my achievement; but I confidently expect that the Americans will show their customary good sportsmanship, acknowledge that I have got ahead of them again, and wire their congratulations immediately, without waiting for so-called confirmation.

For the Record

Prime worry of Kennedy forces: New York State. Continuing parade of scandals in Wagner's Democratic administration of N. Y. City providing GOP with powerful campaign ammunition. . . . Kennedy's people have big drive on to get government employees and servicemen abroad to register for election. . . . Labor leaders privately boasting they will unseat four GOP Senators, Allott (Colo.), Schoeppel (Kan.), Saltonstall (Mass.), Mundt (S. Dak.), but fear conservative Rep. Bentley will win over ailing Liberal Sen. McNamara in Michigan. . . AFL-CIO Council's endorsement of Kennedy-Johnson ticket far from enthusiastic. Still smarting over Johnson, the Council made complimentary reference to Lodge, commented of Nixon that his "vigor and shrewdness" would make him a "forceful President.". . . Mr. Alex Hillman, of Hillman Publications, reports fabulous 300,000 soft cover sales of Goldwater's Conscience of a Conservative.

Reliable sources at UN headquarters report forces favoring seating of Red China now need only three additional votes to carry the day in General Assembly. (Last year Soviet bloc lacked eight votes; five of new African states reportedly have agreed to support Red China admission.). . . Sen. Cotton (R., N. H.) urges U. S. policy-makers to stand firm on Chinese question. . . . Dr. Bela Fabian, Hungarian patriot living in New York, has called on Americans to organize a "powerful action of protest" if Khrushchev decides to attend General Assembly session this month.

Soviet trucks reportedly en route to Congo. Purpose: to transport Lumumba's troops to Katanga. . . . Travelers arriving at Conakry airport, in Communist-infiltrated Guinea, report signs in five languages: Russian, Chinese, Bulgarian, French and English. . . Dr. Hastings Banda, who had hoped to form Central African Federation including Nyasaland and Congo, calling Katanga Premier Tshombe an "African Quisling."

Russian military publication Vokrug Sveta reports (so help us) one Russian army signal corps school teaches a course in communication—via tom-tom.

Our WAY?

From August 10 to August 25, the World Assembly of Youth held its Eighth Annual Council, in Accra, the capital of Ghana, and there pondered at length the problem of Human Rights. By and large, the delegates found Human Rights around the world in sorry condition. Accordingly, they expressed themselves on the subject by adopting 23 resolutions.

WAY (as it calls itself) took out after South Africa for apartheid; lambasted France for "its savage war of colonial reconquest" in Algeria; berated Great Britain over Kenya, condemning in particular the detention of "the outstanding nationalist leader Jomo Kenyatta" (No. 1 Mau Mau). Portugal was castigated for its "brutal suppression of the people" in its African and Asian colonies. Southern Rhodesia was blasted not once but twice: Great Britain was exhorted "to suspend the Southern Rhodesian constitution" in view of Southern Rhodesia's "repressive and tyrannical policy" toward its citizens. Rhodesia was rebuked a second time for refusing to issue passports to the Southern Rhodesian delegates to WAY. The only country to earn WAY's approval was Castro's Cuba—on the grounds that "the principles of the Revolution are a positive element in the effort of the countries of Latin America to achieve full sovereignty."

The World Assembly of Youth took as many lines to support the rights of the Panamanians to fly the Panamanian flag over the Canal as it did to protest the suppression of human rights in Tibet; spent more time deploring Latin American dictatorships than expressing its solidarity with the peoples of East Germany and Hungary who are, concededly, "being denied basic human rights like freedom of speech and association" (no adjectives here: Soviet suppression is not "brutal," "savage," "repressive" or "tyrannical"). Not once, indeed, do the words "USSR" or "Soviet Union" so much as appear. Tibet, East Germany, and Hungary are mentioned compassionately, but not one of the other 23 nations enslaved by Communism.

The plight of these people cannot, one deduces, compare with that of the people of Latin America, who suffer from the "negative influence of Yankee imperialism, through the numerous companies which exploit the wealth of these countries and exercise absolute economic, political and social domination over them." WAY "supports all peoples of the world who are struggling against various forms of imperialism, and especially the Latin Americans who are aspiring to emancipate themselves from the Yankee hegemony."

None of this malicious mischief would be surprising if the World Assembly of Youth were a Communist operation. But it is not, or at least it is not supposed to be. WAY was designed to be the West's *answer* to the Communist World Federation of Democratic Youth (see NR, July 2, 1960).

Over half of the budget of the World Assembly of Youth is provided by the United States. Perhaps the heaviest financial sponsor was the Foundation for Youth and Student Affairs, whose principal backer is Mr. Arthur Houghton of Corning Glass, one of America's wealthiest men. Why it was the Young Adult Council, an affiliate of the National Social Welfare Assembly, that was given the job of selecting the eight U. S. delegates no one knows. But we do know that several leftist ideologues were selected to brief the U.S. delegation before its departure for Accra. Well, the council and the indoctrinators did the job well. The majority of the cream of American youth voted down the line in support of a series of resolutions which might as well have been drawn up by the Communist Party.

Cardinal O'Hara, R.I.P.

We record with great sorrow the death of Cardinal John Francis O'Hara of Philadelphia. This august and scholarly man, of so stern a visage, was known to his friends and associates for his great personal tenderness. At Notre Dame, with which he was associated from 1917 to 1945, he was renowned for his benevolent but no-nonsense discipline, his personal asceticism and his intellectual keenness. There, before becoming president, he served as dean of the School of Commerce, and throughout his life he displayed a great statistical flair. He often dazzled his associates by impromptu exhibitions of his great powers of statistical elenchus. He turned these skills against the enemies of human freedom abroad and at home, against the Communists and the socialists. After God, he loved America, and he fought tirelessly to keep her free. The nation has lost a proud American, an humble servant of God, and a warm human being.

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National Trends

The Bar in the Dock

L. BRENT BOZELL

It was doubtful that the American Bar Association had ever met in an atmosphere so highly charged with politics. The issue on every delegate's mind was the Connally Reservation, and as they came together for the first time Monday morning, the question was not so much how the convention would go as how the convention's judgment would affect the U.S. Senate and, more immediately, the Presidential campaign.

The morning papers the lawyers read took advantage of on-the-spot leverage and had their editorial guns booming. "Friends of the World Court," the *Washington Post* said flatfootedly, "hope to crush that backward-looking movement by such a heavy vote that Congress will be encouraged to renew its timid repeal efforts." The *New York Times* played the inverse psychology, but to the same end: "It does seem strange . . . that men . . . who are properly shocked when anyone commits contempt of court should be reluctant to commit their country to an agency . . . whose only purpose is peace through justice." By afternoon the delegates were listening to similar sentiments from a man whose sense of propriety, many of them had assumed, would preclude an intrusion on their professional deliberations: ". . . it strikes me," Mr. Eisenhower said, "that of all the people who should work for the rule of law, lawyers should be among the forefront . . . how are we ever going to travel [the road to peace] unless we are ready to make some concessions . . .?"

The reason for the pressure on the lawyers was all too clear. Proponents of repeal had run into strong popular opposition, and those whose business depends on treating popular judgment with respect looked to the lawyers to get them off the hook. If the "conservative" ABA could be jimmied into the lead, the reasoning went, all but the congenitally myopic would be persuaded to go along.

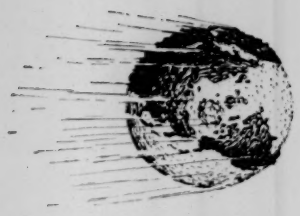
Repeal politicians had made a serious miscalculation a year ago. Last fall, when Vice President Nixon first announced the Administration's support of the proposal, and the President promptly backed him up at a news conference, Liberals of both parties thought they had it made. As the 1960 session opened, Senator Humphrey put his long-standing repeal bill in the hopper; most observers predicted clear sailing. But a storm had been gathering out in the hinterlands, and it hit the Congress about the time the bill came before the normally Liberal Senate Foreign Relations Committee. The committee voted 9-7 to table the measure—the decisive Republican votes obviously reflecting an anticipation of defeat, a rebuke of the Administration, on the Senate floor.

Mr. Nixon himself displayed comparable sensitivity. Letters had poured in protesting the repeal speech; his replies swooped in and out and around the question, but carefully avoided any quotable commitment on the specific issue. Similarly, the Republican convention omitted any reference to the reservation—a consequence, opponents of the repeal claimed, of their forceful arguments before the GOP platform committee. The arguments helped; but nothing appeared, or failed to appear, in that platform over the opposition of Mr. Nixon, who had evidently determined to avoid any further exposure until he could do so under the umbrella of the ABA.

The lawyers' own record on the matter, as they prepared for the debate, was far from unambiguous. In 1947, before the cold war had really settled in, the ABA's House of Delegates urged repeal. In succeeding years, defenders of the reservation, though gaining in numbers, let a sleeping dog lie. Then last February, when the issue had become hot, they moved for reversal. The House was apparently in a mood to accede, but repeal forces managed to put the matter over until the national convention. Thereupon, two committees assumed jurisdiction and prepared reports. The Special Committee on World Peace Through Law, chaired and spearheaded by Charles Rhyne (former ABA president, former roommate of Richard Nixon, present national chairman of Volunteers for Nixon-Lodge) voted 5-4 for repeal. The Committee on Peace and Law Through the United Nations, headed by Mr. Cleo Thompson of Texas, reported 5-2 the other way. On Monday, sensing a possible defeat before the House of Delegates, the Rhyne committee went for insurance and submitted the repeal view as a resolution to the convention Assembly, consisting of all ABA members in attendance. The move was unnecessary, however, for by Thursday the Administration had exerted enough pressure on House of Delegates members to secure passage of the repeal resolution by a vote of 114-107. Joining in the vote for repeal were the Attorney General, his deputy, and the Solicitor General. Under the ABA constitution they have the right to vote, but they rarely exercise it.

While a certain amount of misrepresentation was to be expected, the impression would not down that part of the trouble was the inadequacy of the defenders' public pleading. The way to shake off the charge of benighted nationalism, surely, was to rely less on "states' rights" type arguments, and make more of *their* international perspective. To insist that the real world is one, manifestly, in which the operative norms are not *legal*, but *political*—not merely for Communists who view world affairs as a continuing political campaign, with knives; but for ourselves.

The Soviet Union would run roughshod over such niceties as "domestic jurisdiction"? Ah, but so, when the spirit moves, do we. The South African race riots, the U.S. Government recently proclaimed, were a matter of "international concern." The precedent is self-evident. And so is the lesson: That it is imprudent for a nation in the throes of mortal political combat to lay itself open to legal sandbagging. But the point needed persuasive advocates—and where better to look than to the masters of the trade?



Sticks and Stones Break Our Bones

JAMES BURNHAM

News photographs of a crack Ghana army unit now attached to the UN's Congo force brought indulgent smiles to the lips of many Americans. Suspended from the left arm of each soldier was a round shield looking just as if it had been snatched from a museum's medieval armor collection. "Quite a defense in the nuclear age!" a friend of mine said derisively. "Not too bad, as a matter of fact. Better than most," was my comment.

The purpose of these shields, which are made out of light, strong aluminum alloy, is protection against the sticks, rocks and stones thrown by rioting mobs. In the nuclear age, stones function as weapons a good deal oftener than A-bombs, and have won many more battles.

Strategists on both sides have remarked that beyond a certain limit—already passed by H-bombs—the more powerful the weapons become, the less chance there is that they will be used. (The reason being that fewer and fewer occasions would be taken to justify their use.) There seems to be a paradoxical corollary: the more powerful the new weapons that exist, the more primitive the weapons that are actually used. In the Congo we are back to clubs, stones, blow guns and magical spells.

It is terribly hard for Americans to understand something so simple. We have all been learning to be glib about grandiose "weapons systems" made up of infinitely complex aircraft, bases, carriers, nuclear devices, missiles, submarines, computers, and what not. On such systems we are ready to lavish scores of billions of dollars and immense quantities of manpower, effort, technical ingenuity and scientific intelligence. But we seem to have difficulty in focusing attention on the "weapons systems" by which the struggle for the world is in fact being fought.

We should more frequently remind ourselves that only two nuclear devices have ever been used for combat purposes. In the fifteen years since that parenthetic employment there have been many victories and defeats vast in scope and lasting in consequence. Power over many nations, whole regions of the earth, hundreds of millions of human beings, has changed hands, all without benefit of nuclear leverage.

Mobs as Weapon

The rioting mobs of Tokyo, Seoul, Ankara needed no A- or H-bombs, or planes or tanks or even guns, to bring governments down. Gandhi and Nehru had no strategic air force to help them drive the British Raj out of the Indian subcontinent. Even Mao and Castro managed with small arms and a few outdated cannons. Indonesia, Iraq, Bolivia, Egypt, the Congo, Guatemala. . . . It is mostly sticks and stones, rifles and submachine guns—and the mobs, of course: the mobs are a primary element of the "weapons systems" that have been deciding most battles and campaigns. Occasionally—as in Korea, Indochina or Algeria—a few bigger guns and some planes are added, but as supplement to, not replacement of, the sticks and stones and mobs.

Words also, of course, for in these battles of our era, unlike the old nursery song, words as well as sticks and stones can break our bones.

Although most professional military men, unlike their civilian counterparts, know that we are in a fight, I have observed that very few of them can take a weapons system seriously unless it comprises a lot of firepower. They can seriously debate strategic manned bombers vs. submarine-carried Polaris vs. railroad-borne Minutemen, and envisage ten or twenty billion dollars to develop a system based on one or the other. But if you suggest any such sum, or a tenth such a sum, for systems based on Blanquist cadres, crowd manipulation, guerrillas, psychological warfare, paramilitary operation, subversion, bribery, infiltration, with specialized, mobile, ranger-type units in supporting reserve—in short, political warfare—a skeptical smile is the best you can hope for. Yet it is the polwar systems that win all the battles. What good are Atlas and Polaris in Laos, Cuba, Algeria, the Congo?

The real worth of a weapons system is measured by what it can accomplish, not by its size, complexity, cost or physical firepower.

Polwar Systems

It has been demonstrated over and over again in the past fifteen years —since 1917 indeed—that modern polwar systems can smash governments and armies, and take over territory, peoples and nations. Isn't a weapons system that can defeat the British, Dutch and French armies, that can seize Czechoslovakia, China and Cuba, worth spending a few billions on, and perhaps an occasional hour of concentrated thought?

I am not talking about "foreign aid," "truth campaigns" and "student exchange." These are Boy Scout ideas. Strategically undirected foreign aid, "information" programs or scholarships for foreigners never won anything except insults and an eventual kick in the teeth. In a genuine polwar system, foreign aid is only a key to open a national door for the conduct of field operations; "information" and propaganda are a weapon with which to undermine, divert and injure the enemy; student scholarships are a cover for training activist cadres.

Because we decline to fight genuine, strategically-conceived political warfare, our billions of foreign aid dollars have been mostly wasted, lining the pockets of corrupt local residents and building up industry for the enemy or his friends to inherit; our propaganda program is a gravy train for the world's left intellectuals and a laughing stock to the enemy; the foreign students we educate usually end up as enemy agents. Will this new round of looming catastrophes—in the Indochinese successor states, Ceylon, Indonesia, Cuba, the Congo, Algeria—induce any of our leaders to go ahead with that oft-promised but never performed reappraisal?

The New South and the Conservative Tradition

DONALD DAVIDSON

The schools will reopen in the next weeks, and the antagonists are deploying their forces for the annual explosions south of the border, as the Northern militants press their paradigm upon the South. A venerable Southern gentleman and scholar speaks amiably to the rest of the nation, and tells us something about the South we are not likely to know from a reading of the "war correspondents" of the national press. The beginning of wisdom, says Professor Davidson, is to understand one important fact: there is no New South. He knows; he has read about it all his life, waited all his life to see it, but it has never materialized, and is not likely to in our time.

I praise the genius—whoever he was—that gave to Maine and her five sister states the name *New* England. To be forever "New" and never "Old"—what a thoroughly modern convenience! I forbear to call this a sharp Yankee trick. It is an ingenious American device that eternally protects the six states of the Northeast from certain kinds of public embarrassment. If at any time some enterprising minority of New Englanders happen to make motions toward changing a few little domestic arrangements, just to keep up with the times and lay in some money on the side, nobody is going to write an article in *Harper's* or the *Atlantic* about the "New-New England Movement." The phrase doesn't ride easy on the tongue. It won't make a catchy slogan.

I could wish that Jefferson or Madison, or, even earlier, John Locke or Charles II, had successfully planted on us, below the Potomac, the name "New South." If we could have been commonly known as the "New South" as early as 1670 or even as late as 1787, a lot of wish-thinking and romancing could have been avoided on both sides of the Potomac.

Actuality and Image

But it is too late for regrets. For nearly a century the plain term, "the South," has dragged along with it two qualifying terms. "New South" and "Old South" always lurk between the lines of commentary about the South. A pity, because they beget misunderstanding and, in the kind of special pleading that they invite, they obscure from view the actual South that at all times has been, like New England, a truly American society, organic with its past and inescapably alive in its present.

This actual South is the one that I know by direct experience. But all my life I have been forced to compare it with an Old South that I have never really seen and a New South that I am assured is about to be. I have been obliged to conclude that the terms "Old South" and "New South," as commonly used, are merely convenient fictions. But as fictions they have enormous power to persuade.

Looking back over my lifetime, which began in 1893, I can now realize that I have lived through a procession of "New Souths" without ever being certain as to what meaning the term really carries. I am forced to attempt a definition:

This "New South" with a capital "N" I define as *the expectation that the North has of the South.* It is the North's wishful image of what the North wants any present South to become; and this is, presumably, a South that accepts or submits to Northern views and becomes as much like the North as possible, no matter how great the injury to Southern beliefs and principles, no matter how extensive the cost in material and social terms. This image of a "New South" arises out of Northern frustration when Southern indifference, and finally hostility, blocks some program of reform that is developed in the North but that, in the brunt of its application, falls more heavily on the South.

The "New South" cycle begins in the North with minority groups of idealists and reformers. They speak with large voices, but to small audiences at first, even in the North. They try direct persuasion, both in North and South, but, becoming impatient with the slow and scanty results achieved, soon adjourn from pulpit, soapbox and editor's desk to the legislative halls. At this point the element of comparison enters the idealistic scheme. The original question takes on new ramifications that politicians and pressure groups seek to exploit for purposes far short of patriotic. The sectional quarrel of North *vs* South begins to dominate other considerations. It may rise to a pitch so intense that it overshadows or distorts the merits of the original proposal. The North may, with some show of plausible reason, assume a position of moral superiority. That does not help; it only increases sectional irritation. For it cannot possibly be true that all the good people live in the North and all the bad people in the South. Angry voices in the South declare that the North is a whited sepulchre, a holier-than-thou Pharisee. Angry voices in the North vow that the South is a brothel teeming with countless depravities, merely gilded over with elegant pretensions. Both sides pass from the Retort Courteous to the Lie Direct.

And now the North, as the sectional majority, must take thought how far to go. Once direct persuasion is abandoned, three means are open

to use: 1) compulsive legislation, achieved through congressional statute or constitutional amendment; 2) judicial action by the federal courts; and 3) direct application of military force. These three means all involve coercion, and they may be used in combination. Any one of them can secure at best but a grudging submission. None can secure that *willing consent* supposedly inherent in a democratic government.

Only once has military force been used on a large scale to compel acceptance of the "New South" idea. That was during the period of Civil War and Reconstruction. The results, to put it mildly, were most unsatisfactory to the South—and hardly less so, in the end, to the North. The Union, it is true, was "saved," but was no longer quite the same Union as before. Slavery was abolished, but the race problem was far from being solved.

How to Attract Money

What of other "New Souths" that have followed since the sixties, in a somewhat milder cycle of behavior? There is a strong element of the fantastic in them all. Here I introduce an important element of my definition. The "New South" is not only the North's expectation of what the South ought to become. It must also be defined in terms of *the South's response to that expectation.*

That response is by no means unanimously hostile. The New South idea always wins Southern supporters. Although these supporters are always a minority in the South, the very fact that they are conforming to an idea popular in the North gives them an influence, both in South and North, out of all proportion to their numbers and merit. Always they give a glowing account of the "progress" they are achieving; and always they give a diminished account of the opposition they encounter. Northern money then pours into the South to back their efforts. Pretty soon the North feels entitled to say: "This New South thing is a Southern movement, right from the grass roots. We are delighted to see that the South is changing in this encouraging way. Let us now forget the animosities of the past and be reconciled."

Today, a New South position on the segregation issue attracts Northern money in very large volume. In the past three years the Fund for the Republic is reported to have put two million dollars at the disposal of pro-integration groups in the South, including a single grant of $445,000 to an organization of dubious worth, known as the Southern Regional Council.

When Cyrus Field loaned Henry Grady $20,000 to buy into the *Atlanta Constitution*—which has remained an organ of the New South, whatever face the New South has taken—he was helping a good and sincere man whose program of material rehabilitation was actually needed in the war-ravaged South, and that program was accepted, or at least not vigorously opposed, by most Southerners of Grady's time, though with reservations that I shall indicate later. But the Southern Regional Council has no such support. Throughout the South it is openly denounced and bitterly opposed. A pro-integration position also attracts grants for social research. It facilitates publication and sales of highly-colored exhibitions of wounded vanity, like Harry Ashmore's *Epitaph for Dixie* and the books of Negro writers, like Carl Rowan, who sing but one song. It guarantees entry to Northern periodicals for Southern writers, white or Negro, who are ready to predict ultimate victory for the NAACP in its highly organized program of court actions against Southern school boards and officials. And since, by a reciprocal process, reports from the opposing side are few and far between in the Northern press, the Northern subsidy of the present New South idea brings about a condition of large-scale misinformation. The North is paying out its good money—lots of it—for its own self-deception. It is buying auto-hypnosis.

But the cost of this kind of tranquilizer cannot be reckoned in mere money. In 1857, a Southern anti-slavery writer from North Carolina named Hinton Rowan Helper published a book called *The Impending Crisis*. Helper denounced the so-called "slaveholding oligarchy." He declared that the non-slaveholders—the small farmers, mechanics, and "poor whites"—who constituted the most numerous class, ought to overthrow the planters, abolish Negro slavery, and take over the government. Helper's book had only small sales until Horace Greeley decided to give it a boost, as an example of enlightened Southern opinion. Then it promptly sold a million copies. That Helper's book was complete nonsense soon became evident. The non-slaveholding Southern population was much more fervently pro-slavery than the planters, and when the "impending crisis" erupted into war, it joined the Confederate army in large numbers and proceeded to shoot at the deluded readers of Helper's book.

It is entirely possible that the Civil War would never have occurred if such misinformation had not influenced a great many important people, including Abraham Lincoln himself. In a posthumous article published in the *Georgia Review* for March 1958, a distinguished Southern historian, the late Frank Owsley, argues that Lincoln's early war policy can hardly be explained except as "errors in judgment as to the true meaning of the situation." Lincoln—Mr. Owsley says—"did not understand the popular support of secession in the Lower South nor the psychology of the border states." If Lincoln had been correctly informed, he probably would never have rejected the Crittenden Compromise, introduced in Congress in December 1860. If Lincoln had accepted the Crittenden Compromise, Virginia, North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas would not have seceded, and the Confederacy would have disintegrated without a war. Now Lincoln was reportedly "impressed" by Helper's book. He had referred to Helper in his speeches. He rewarded Helper with a diplomatic appointment. If Helper's book did contribute to Lincoln's wrong estimate, then Horace Greeley's foolish blurb was a national calamity.

Here are many "if's." Nothing can be proved. But I am speaking in illustration, not in argument.

The "New South" Man

But if analysis of such old errors must be somewhat speculative, we do not need to be speculative at all about what happens when the New South idea gets started under more modern conditions. For a while it may gather momentum within the South. But sooner or later the idea

clashes with the reality, which is the actual South. Whether this actual South is conservative or Liberal I will not try to determine for the moment. The New South program always attacks at a point on which there is a long-standing sectional disagreement between North and South. The Southern advocates of the New South idea are therefore in a difficult relationship to the great body of their fellow Southerners, since they are taking the side of the North against the South, and their defection cannot be concealed or very easily explained.

Within the South, the charge against the New South man is not merely that he is a nonconformist. The South has a large tolerance of nonconformists—when sectional issues do not arise. The charge is that his New South kind of nonconformity is a desertion of the South. The New South man is sabotaging Southern principles, and must be regarded as an alien. In the old harsh vocabulary, he is a "scalawag"; in the more modern term, he is a Quisling of the North.

Defense Mechanism

Naturally the New South man feels his alienation and develops a defense mechanism. From Henry Grady on down the defense mechanism follows a stock pattern that leads him to say things like this to his Southern critics:

1) "I am *not* deserting the South. My ancestors fought in the Confederate army, and I am just as good a Southerner as you are."

2) "Mine is not really a new idea. It is an old Southern idea, and I can prove it by this quotation from Thomas Jefferson."

3) "This thing is inevitable. The more we try to fight it, the worse the Yankees will bear down on us. Be sensible, and trust me to get something out of it for you."

With variations, that is about what the New South people, when on the defensive, tell their fellow Southerners, no matter if it is Henry Grady and his contemporaries or, in our own times, Ralph McGill of Atlanta, Mark Ethridge of Louisville, or Congressman Brooks Hays of Arkansas. The defense mechanism always turns up with an affirmation of loyalty to the South and some embroidery of mythology. It carries some appeal to Southern precedent. It contains a shrewd reminder that the South, as a minority section, has but a narrow choice. The defense mechanism may give some protection if the pressure from the North relaxes, or is not too intense. But if the pressure increases, the South readily detects the hollow ring in the New South man's assurances. Then bricks, both verbal and real, begin to fly.

The Henry Grady Liberals invented the moonlight-and-magnolias version of the Southern scene. It was the

reply of the Grady Liberals to the Southern charge that, along with their subsidized industrialism, they were importing a Godless and un-Southern culture and betraying the South into the hands of its enemies. This New South talk, said one Southern religious journal of Grady's time, "begins to sound like cant. It seems to cast unjust reproaches upon the dead." Such criticism endangered the combination of politics and industry on which the Grady Liberals depended, and it had to be answered, especially when it became apparent that Confederate generals like John B. Gordon of Georgia, the "Hero of Appomattox," were trading off the Lost Cause for handsome retainers from business interests.

Henry Grady set the style for the florid oratory of the period in his famous speech on the New South, delivered in 1886 before the New England Society of New York. It contained a particularly moving passage which began, "Picture the footsore Confederate soldier. . . ." And it was endlessly declaimed by schoolboy and college orators in the South for decades after Grady struck his keynote. I must have heard it twenty times, myself. Grady always linked his glowing eulogies of the Lost Cause with an idyllic picture of Southern life under the industrial dispensation. He could always see factories blossoming amid scenes of rural peace—or, to use his own words, "blessed cities, vast hives of industry and thrift . . . streams vocal with whirring spindles . . . valleys tranquil in the white and gold of the harvest . . . two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time." Such speeches became the regular staple for Confederate memorial days, political barbecues, and graduating exercises.

Role of the Orators

Such, in many variations, was the dream-vision of the "Old South"—not the Old South of history, but the rhetorical picture of another "Old South" conjured up by the Henry Grady Liberals to disguise their defection from bedrock Southern principles. These orators were articulate in a new way, and a novelty is always pleasing if it makes you feel good. We needed to feel good, if only because there was so much to feel bad about. It is no wonder that this rhetorical picture satisfied the South for a while. The great wonder is that it captured the North completely. It has stuck persistently as a Northern image of what the "Old South" was like. I strongly suspect that, to this very day, Northern tourists are mildly puzzled and disappointed not to hear darkies singing and banjos ringing in the evening by the moonlight as they look for space in the crowded motels along U.S. 1 or U.S. 41.

My guess is that the speechmakers did more than the Southern writers of the period to plant and foster the sentimental image of the "Old South." It was the speechmakers, above all, who devised the rose-tinted stereoscopic spectacles through which the whole country gazed for a time in fascination at an Old South *that never was.*

But the South knew all the time that those spectacles were tinted. The old folks of my childhood had precious few evenings to sit in the moonlight and listen to banjos. But now and then they did find time to pass on some information to us young folks. A good deal of it was rather grim. Nothing Henry Grady said could ever fool my grandmother who, in the sixties, had seen her child-

hood friends captured by marauding Federal soldiers and shot in cold blood on the main street of her home town.

These are little personal things that I remember. Multiply them by millions and you get the other side of the New South of that period—and of later periods, including the present. The details change with the changing times, but the pattern of the New South cycle does not change except as it varies in intensity of effect. We are now in a period when the New South idea has been pushed with maximum intensity. But the Southern reaction, which began as far back as the Thurmond-Wright revolt of 1948, has steadily grown in strength. Meanwhile a conservative reaction of fairly large proportions has set in outside the South. Whether the Southern reaction is conservative or Liberal in the true sense is perhaps a matter of definition. Certainly it has many features in common with what is being called the New Conservatism of the North. But the deceptive image of the New South, with all the local commitments that it enforces, intervenes between the new conservatism of the North and the old conservatism of the South, and makes it difficult for them to work in a common cause.

The South always knew very well that a plantation is a highly practical enterprise. If any plantation owner thought it existed merely for his elegant convenience in sipping mint-juleps on a white-columned veranda, he would not very long remain the owner of that plantation. No Southerner was ever fool enough to think that magnolias would shield him from pestilence, taxes, the greedy pressures of giant industry and big unions, the ever-nagging Negro problem, or, above all, the exasperating demands of social missionaries whose names in one century may be Charles Sumner or Thad Stevens and, in another century, Hubert Humphreys, Jacob Javits or Earl Warren.

Whatever the mind of the South may be, it is not Utopian. Our experience and temperament have not permitted that indulgence. The wishful dream of a New South, on the other hand, is always Utopian in some of its major features. The two are bound to collide in the end. The crisis may be long delayed, but it always comes if coercion or the threat of coercion is used. Then at last, much too tardily, the actual South takes over. It is as ancient as the nation and as contemporary as the date on the calendar. In the din of the ensuing strife, this actual South can hardly make its voice heard. For on one side are some well-dressed people shouting, in polite and cultured accents, in favor of a dream-South that never can be; and on the other side are some people in wool hats and red suspenders, shouting in feigned rustic accents, in hot defense of another dream-South, a South that never was.

The North must share with the South responsibility for the excesses of Cole Blease, Vardaman, Heflin in other days, and for Bilbo and Huey Long in more recent times. Huey Long above all, with his famous slogan, ("Every man a King!") provides a beautiful example of what happens to Northern theories of egalitarianism and perfectionism when they are taken over by a smart politician with an axe to grind and few scruples about using it. I will put this in the form of a hypothetical generalization: When the North, in some fit of dream, tries, with the assistance of Southern Liberals, to make Louisiana or Georgia send to the Senate a New-South replica of Charles Sumner or Henry Cabot Lodge, it never works; the chances are that we will then get a Huey Long—and be relieved to have no worse.

But I have no interest whatever in allocating blame. I would simply like to discover how the actual South can make its real voice heard, as it notably did in the time of Andrew Jackson and perhaps also in the time of Woodrow Wilson. Far too often the spokesmen of the South, whether competent or incompetent, and the spokesmen of the North as well, are trapped in the context of a false antithesis—the myth of a progressive New South struggling nobly to displace a fictional and backward Old South. When the South, as now, is virtually put on trial before the nation, the trial gets lots of space in the press, but the reporters are not real reporters. They are war correspondents. Yes, the seats reserved for the press at this trial are packed with the war correspondents of the *New York Times*, the *Washington Post*, *Time*, *Life*, and *Look*, and they become a cheering section. The North hears the noise of this cheering section. And what are they cheering for? With good reason, the South suspects that they are not cheering for the advancement of the Negro so much as for the ascendancy of an ideology, or more specifically, somebody's victory at the polls in 1960, especially in the Northern states with big blocks of electoral college votes.

"I'll Take My Stand"

For the good of the nation, this false context ought to be stripped away, so that we can face real issues and engage in sensible discussion. That, exactly, was a major part of the purpose of the twelve Southerners who in 1930 published a symposium of their views entitled *I'll Take My Stand*. By that time the false context included not only the golden dream of a New South (then in quite serious trouble) and the shopworn but lingering fable of the Old South created by the Grady Liberals, but also a new fable of the Old South devised by the Liberals of the twenties and thirties and just as false as the one it sought to displace. The Southern Liberals, assisted by H. L. Mencken and others, proposed to snatch off the rose-tinted spectacles of the Gradyites and fit our eyes with the dark thick lenses of the New Realism. To get at the actual South, we simply had to break the images of at least two false New Souths and two false Old Souths. On the positive side, we had to examine and present the claims of the traditional agrarian society of the South in comparison with the claims of the industrialized order which had not yet replaced it. But, while the traditional society of the South was the example we defended, our inquiry raised broad questions as to the character and tendency of American society at large, and indeed of Western civilization. *I'll Take My Stand* was therefore much more than a statement of the cause of the South against the North. We hoped in this way to raise the level of public discussion. We thought that people who differed with us would at least have to talk about serious realities, not launch into a foolish assault on phantoms.

We were too optimistic in our ex-

pectations. The level of discussion was not much raised, for the time being. Among the Southern Liberals who were our immediate opponents, it sank ever lower. The years have gone by, and the late returns are in. After nearly three decades, our somewhat tentative opposition of principles still seems to be under discussion, as are also various works of poetry, fiction, and criticism that the commentators insist on associating with the Southern Agrarians of the nineteen thirties. The discussion is even-tempered. *I'll Take My Stand,* never a best-seller, has finally gone into a second edition. As a matter of record I note that the books of those Liberals who assailed us with hootings and catcalls have mostly dropped out of sight.

And here now is Mr. Clinton Rossiter, who in his recent study, *Conservatism in America,* gives two or three pages to the Southern Agrarians. He classified them as Conservative with a capital "C". The dignity of this capital letter award from Mr. Rossiter encourages me to go ahead and take a close look at Southern conservatism. Conservatism does not seem quite the right term to describe the actual South that I find back of the facades of various changing New Souths.

The terms "conservative" and "liberal" do not seem to work very well when we apply them to such historical situations. Mr. Clinton Rossiter wrestles with this problem and comes up with a paradox. "The American," he says, "like his tradition, is deeply Liberal, deeply conservative. If this is a paradox, so, too, is America." Mr. Schlesinger sweats the problem out in much the same way and gets up phrases like "the essential conservatism of American liberalism." For his general analysis I refer you to the extremely interesting final chapter of his book, *The Age of Jackson,* from which I quote a key sentence:

> In an age dominated by the compulsive race for easy solutions, it is well to remember that, if social catastrophe is to be avoided, it can only be by an earnest, tough-minded, pragmatic attempt to wrestle with new problems as they come, without being enslaved by a theory of the past, or by a theory of the future.

As one who has different views from Mr. Schlesinger on various questions, I wish to express my admiration for that statement, which I heartily support and would like to see applied. It is a rather good brief description of the actual South. The actual South that I know is not enslaved by any theory of the past; but as a somewhat traditional society it retains continuity with its past without being encumbered by it. It is not enslaved by any theory of the future, and in particular it does not accept the kind of futurism which holds that the present must be determined by a distant and unpredictable future. It is therefore quite natural for this actual South to wrestle with problems new and old in an earnest, tough-minded, pragmatic way, for that is indeed the way the South believes it should be approached if social catastrophe is to be avoided. And the South strongly objects to being forced into any compulsive race for easy solutions, particularly in matters that threaten the very existence of its society.

The North's Variability

It does not seem very fruitful, and may be only confusing, to use conservatism or Liberalism to describe the constant element that I would attribute to this actual South. Mr. Schlesinger and Mr. Rossiter seem to agree that Americans of all sections have adhered rather firmly to certain fundamental, distinctly American conceptions of government and society. As to government we are all thoroughgoing constitutionalists, or at least profess to be, no matter what our political allegiance may be, or religious affiliations, or sectional bias. And that constitutional government, with its checks and balances and its separation of powers, is assumed to be the creature of society. The society is not the creature of our government. The written constitution is the contract that protects us. It grew out of the frustrating and bitter experience of the Thirteen Colonies under the *unwritten* constitution preferred by the British. All this is deeply imbedded in American tradition.

History shows, I believe, that the North is considerably more variable than the South in its adherence to these conceptions, and that the variability of the North tends to increase as industrialism and science take hold on Northern society. The South apparently is less variable. It sticks more closely, indeed more literally, to the original conceptions.

How account for the relatively greater constancy of the South? Here I will note only that: 1) the social order of the South has stayed nearer than the social order of the North to the one that generally prevailed when our constitutional Republic was founded; 2) long endurance of frontier conditions in the South has had a stabilizing influence on the Southern social order—indeed, a conservative influence in the literal sense; the plantation itself was a frontier institution; 3) sense of kinship and the importance of family is a firm characteristic of Southern life at all social levels, and is made more firm by the fact that the white population is largely descended from the original colonial stock; 4) for these reasons, the sense of community is also very strong (as Calhoun said, a century ago, the Southern states are "aggregates of communities"); 5) Southerners for three centuries have lived in the near presence of a large Negro population, first as their chattel slaves, then as "freedmen" and wards of the Federal Government, finally as technical citizens endowed with their citizenship without Southern consent. (This is the race problem, for which the South developed a "tough-minded, pragmatic" solution—namely, the parallel societies, or what is now called segregation of the races; and the South believes that this *modus vivendi* is the most practical solution to the most difficult of all problems); 6) Southerners take their religion rather seriously, particularly the old doctrine of Original Sin and the Imperfection of Man; 7) all these constant elements have been reinforced by the experiences of Civil War, Reconstruction, and subsequent pressures put upon the South.

Today's "Cold Civil War"

And now, as we approach the 100th Anniversary of the Civil War, it can be argued that a "cold Civil War" is already in progress. The pattern of Southern resistance to the Supreme Court decisions is remarkably like that which led to secession in 1860. The strongest resistance is in the Deep South states, with South Caro-

lina and Mississippi again in the vanguard. The so-called "border" states again are inclined to delay, yet move toward the Deep South position. The Democratic Party is divided sharply on North-South lines. And once more the Negro question is most confusedly mixed up with large and general constitutional questions far more important to the nation than the special matter of how the reasonable aspirations of the Negro minority or any other racial minority are to be satisfied.

But this description, correct enough up to a point, does not tell the whole story. Large counter-tendencies have set up a cross-pattern, and these counter-tendencies perhaps may make this sectional quarrel different from its predecessors. Behind or within that somewhat fictional region for which I have used the abbreviated and symbolic term, "the North," there is, I well know, an actual North that, like the actual South, is veiled from view by the ever-deceiving circumstances of modern life. That actual North, like the actual South, is caught in the elaborate contrivances of the modern Power State—and is becoming alarmed at what is happening to our American establishment. With Robert Frost we are aware that within ourselves, alas, we have "desert places" that no mechanical invention, no planned economy, can ever charm away. In reaction against all this we have come to a mood of sober reconsideration which, though not yet fully articulate everywhere, is justly entitled to the name "conservative" and is active in the North as well as the South.

Common Ground

The wise and prudent course is to study the present sectional quarrel in the light of this larger context in order to discover where the actual North and the actual South can find common ground. The first important step is to revive the old American conviction that a government which is not firmly kept in the position of a servant of society will inevitably become a tyrant over society. A judicial decision that has the force of social legislation is the most tyrannical of all government acts for the simple reason that 1) the will of the millions of people concerned was not previously ascertained through free public discussion, ballot, and action in Congress; and 2) once the mistaken decision has been made, it is not easily revocable. That is the heart of the South's present ground of resistance to the Supreme Court.

It is interesting to note that, exactly 100 years ago, Abraham Lincoln, in his debates with Douglas, was attacking the Supreme Court and the Kansas-Nebraska bill in much the terms now being used by the Southern states against the present Supreme Court. In 1858, too, the legislatures of many Northern and Western states were actively opposing the Dred Scott decision and the Fugitive Slave laws. That pattern is also being repeated in the South. It is interesting that Lincoln has suddenly become a very popular figure in the South. No President of the United States is more often quoted—in Southern editorials, in paid advertisements, in the leaflets, handbills and pamphlets distributed by resistance organizations in all the Southern states. On the other hand, Negro organizations dethroned Lincoln as deity and abandoned the altar of the Great Emancipator.

But in the great sectional quarrel of a century ago the rebellious Northern states had little to fear in their openly contumacious and often violent refusals to obey what Liberals are now calling "the law of the land." In 1857, the Legislature of the State of Maine solemnly resolved that the Supreme Court's decision in the Dred Scott case was "extrajudicial . . . not binding, in law or in conscience, upon the government or citizens of the United States." The right of the State of Maine in this matter, the resolution declared, "is clear and indisputable and is to be exercised without question by any other state."

The Leviathan State

There was not the slightest chance that President Buchanan at this time would order old Fuss-and-Feathers Winfield Scott to send a battalion of U.S. troops to Augusta or anywhere else to uphold the dignity of Chief Justice Taney's court and to enforce the Dred Scott decision or anything else. The Federal Government of those days was in truth a tolerant, rather puny affair But the Southern states now taking action exactly similar to the State of Maine's action are grappling at close quarters with the vast, immensely powerful Leviathan government that we have allowed to grow up in Washington. On short notice that government can land armed paratroopers anywhere in a matter of hours. It can throw its net of FBI operatives over the homes and offices of any community. That, and much more, is what the Southern states face.

Much more, because of the tremendous discretionary powers vested in the Federal district courts, which, under the Supreme Court ruling, can take over the administration of schools and school systems. Through the use of injunctions and contempt-of-court proceedings, a Federal district judge on very thin excuse can throw citizens into jail for peaceful protest, can try and sentence them, in some cases, without a jury trial. He can, in effect, end the rights of assembly and free speech guaranteed under the First Amendment. He can do this as long as he holds a school desegregation case under his jurisdiction, as the Supreme Court has empowered and directed him to do; and that may be for years. Thus by judicial process, under our present Leviathan government, the schools of certain Southern communities have already been converted into federal jails, in which the pupils, both white and Negro, are in effect prisoners; and the teachers are converted into prison guards. So far as our judicial institutions are concerned, it is a retrogression to the notorious Star Chamber methods of seventeenth-century England.

Nevertheless, the official position of our modern American Liberals is that this is the right way, the moral way, the practical way to solve the most difficult of all problems—namely, an educational problem which happens to be also a racial problem. And since there is already clear evidence that the judicial tyranny of our present Supreme Court will not stop with the school segregation cases, but will move on—is moving on—to other matters, every community, every section, North or South, is under a threat that will not lift until we take thought together and, after thought, take action. There lies one of the tasks of conservatism in our time.

Letter from London

No Togetherness Here!

REGINALD JEBB

The Labor Party in Britain is split in pieces. Plenty of patches are being sewn on to keep the pieces together, but the stitches don't look like holding.

First came the now famous Clause 4 in the party's constitution which lays down that the state should control all the means of production, distribution and exchange. Mr. Gaitskell at the post-election conference tried to persuade his colleagues that the clause was out of date, for clearly nobody wanted nationalization to cover all industry. He was strongly opposed by the die-hard Socialists of the party, and a very insecure patch was eventually sewn over the rent.

Then defense policy began to show cracks. First, the Transport and General Workers' Union (a million strong) came out against the official policy of the party and plumped for unilateral nuclear disarmament by Britain. Soon other unions followed the TGWU's lead, and the line-up of union block votes at the moment of writing is 2,553,000 block votes in favor of unilateral nuclear disarmament and 1,047,000 against it. That split has to be resolved (or not) at the upcoming Labor Party conference, and this raises still another problem: is the party to be ruled by members elected to Parliament and an executive created by them, or by the block votes of trade unions which represent nothing—not even necessarily a majority in each union? Obviously, if the latter, then the idea of representative government goes by the board; but if the executive is to be in command, where is the party it is supposed to be leading?

Labor Party Snobberies

There are minor worries too. It appears, for example, that the title "Labor," which was a brilliant invention at the time and has stood the party in such good stead for all the years since its creation (for the manual worker has taken for granted that his vote should go to the party that by its very name proclaimed its devotion to his interests) is now a hindrance rather than an advantage. Many workers in factories now like to think of themselves as middle-class and are beginning to look upon "labor" as something to which they have risen superior. They therefore tend to vote conservative. Indeed, the party is now becoming the breeding ground of a variety of snobberies and the reactions against them. There are the snobberies of the middle-class workers, of the Fabian intellectuals, of the technical experts, of those who send their sons to Eton, etc., and there is bitter resentment against all these types, not only from the rank and file of the unions, but also from a jealous clique of out-and-out Socialists. Disappointed ambitions, too, mixed with active personal dislikes, add to the general chaos of the party.

And so, what? It is always difficult to forecast what will come out of chaotic conditions. It might seem to be a reasonable move for the Gaitskell supporters to join up with the active little Liberal Party headed by Grimond. But that idea has so far been frowned upon by Laborites, partly, no doubt, because of the adjustments of policy that would have to be made, but probably mainly owing to rivalries in leadership. Another possibility would be for Gaitskell to rewrite the Labor Party constitution, discard the ultra-socialist rump represented by Foot, Silverman, Zilliacus, etc., and struggle on as the leader of a new radical opposition: in short, to construct a new party. But the Liberals have stolen most of the thunder of that rather mild radicalism, and what about union support (financial and political) for such a venture?

Apart from questions of finance and of attracting voters, what would its distinctive policy be? Mr. Crosland, one of the ablest and most vocal of the Labor theorists, summarizes his views as follows: 1) Race equality 2) Independence of African countries 3) Less class differences 4) Less aristocratic structure of society 5) Better distribution of wealth. There is nothing distinctive in the first two items on the list. Race equality, in the sense of equal justice to people of all races, is generally accepted, and the present Conservative Government has declared for African independence. Class differences? But where are they? If class depends on wealth, money accumulates so suddenly in some hands, and disappears as suddenly from others that class based on money would be so unstable as to be meaningless. If it depends on family pride or differences of ability, there is nothing a government can do about it. An aristocratic structure of society presumably means interference by a social elite in the working of government. That has disappeared in the stresses of the last half century. Finally, a better distribution of wealth. That is another way of saying higher taxation in a country already feeling the crippling results of overtaxation. The Labor intellectuals' program therefore does not look promising.

Changes Ahead

There is another possibility: the gradual breakdown of the party system altogether. This may appear unlikely, seeing that government in Great Britain has been built on the foundation of two rival parties ever since the collapse of monarchic power in 1688. Yet there are signs that this may happen. With the exception of a state-controlled society, so dear to Socialists but opposed, at any rate in an extreme form, by conservatives, there are few fundamental differences between the parties. Much of the Opposition's criticism of the present Government seems to arise merely from the traditional role of an Opposition to oppose, and every day it is becoming clearer that divergent views of policy (and some of them are pronounced) cut clean across parties, so that a rigid party system begins to look absurdly artificial.

What would succeed it is anybody's guess, but the breakdown of the Labor Party seems to open a road to important changes. After all, the party system, as practiced, is not an infallible dogma of democracy.

from HERE *to* THERE

A Bet on Sanity

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Two important bets have been placed during the recent summer months. One of them, made by Democratic Presidential candidate John Kennedy, on the New Mendicancy, sometimes called the New Frontier, is a bet which assumes a continuous decline in the intelligence of the American people. The other bet, made by George Romney, President of the American Motors Corporation, assumes the ability of the people to act with an ever-increasing amount of common sense.

The Kennedy bet is based on the supposition that people don't know how to spend or invest their own money. Leaning heavily on the theories of economist J. Kenneth Galbraith and historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr., Kennedy proposes a directed economy, with money funnelled here, there, and everywhere, all at the expense of the man who might want to have some say in allocating his own income. Mr. Romney, on the other hand, considers the average American consumer to be a rational animal. He can be trusted to shop for his own values.

The nature of Mr. Romney's bet was disclosed in a speech called "Trivia on Trial" in which he observed that automobile buyers could be trusted to make the "right decisions" provided the manufacturer gives them sane fundamental choices. This was prelude to Mr. Romney's suggestion that it is time for the American manufacturer to forswear the "dynamic obsolescence" of the hallowed annual "style racket." Henceforward, said Mr. Romney, his own Rambler cars would be changed only when there was real need for a change. Forced obsolescence based on capricious alteration of the pitch of fender lines and the shape of tail lights without any reference to the comfort or technological performance of the car itself is, in Mr. Romney's opinion, on its way out as a viable theory of automobile merchandising.

To this observer, Mr. Romney's "revolutionary" utterances were based on a canny observation of something that has already happened: the American car buyer has long since voted in the market place against "dynamic obsolescence." The tale is told in the car registration figures of the past few years. Far from buying cars for the sake of newness, people have been purchasing them at a rate which suggests nothing so much as last minute replacement of what must be junked.

Every commuter station stop on the New Haven Railroad is proof that cars are used virtually until they fall apart. Assuming a life of ten years to a car, and accepting a "normal" national car fleet of 60 million new and used cars, a six million production year for Detroit means that frills and tail-fin elevation play very little part in creating a desire for automobiles. Detroit, in recent years, has been on a rockbottom starvation diet.

The car, in short, has ceased to be a status symbol. Unbedazzled by chrome, the American car buyer now shops for such things as freedom from service troubles, freedom from forced depreciation, freedom from mileage costs. The car has become a utility, thus releasing consumer funds for other purchases.

Galbraith Not Needed

Mr. Romney takes justifiable pride in spotting trends as they are happening. His bet on the compact car was a recognition that in a high tax and high inflation era people would become increasingly chary of a continuing devotion to display for the sake of display. His bet on the obsolescence of the theory of "dynamic obsolescence" is a recognition that people can be trusted to cope with the "hidden persuaders" without putting them under the tutelage of Professor Galbraith.

Without taking anything away from Mr. Romney, however, I confess to being nostalgic for the day when people could afford the luxury of the big gas-eating car. Far from being a desirable thing in itself, the small car is at best a *faute de mieux* concession to the fact that our economy is not as affluent as Professor Galbraith thinks it is. As a people we have inflated and taxed ourselves into an increasing amount of car discomfort. When gasoline was taxed at lower rates we could afford to burn the stuff up. When big cars were retailing for a mere one or at most two thousand uninflated dollars, we could finance a new "chariot" every two or three years.

The Culprit: Taxes

But now that a third of the retail cost of a new automobile is represented by taxes somewhere along the line, compacts are a necessary response to curtailed disposable income. The compact is strictly a *legislated* compromise, something saddled upon us by the politicians of the New Mendicancy, or the New Frontier.

The New Mendicancy, which involves taking one man's purchasing power and bestowing it, gratis, on another, is only superficially good for the economy. It may stabilize the market, but it does so at a low level. The high price of gasoline, which makes the twenty-three-to-thirty-miles-to-a-gallon car a necessity, decreases the over-all performance of the oil business. And the compact car, which utilizes only two-thirds of the steel which would go into a big car, is hardly good news for the steel business.

So who is being done in the eye by the New Mendicancy, or the New Frontier? It is an oil field worker here, a gas station attendant there, an iron mine worker in Minnesota and an open hearth man in South Chicago or in Cleveland. It is the jobs of such people that are destroyed by the New Mendicancy.

As for the consumer, he "makes do." If he seems to be affluent, it is because he has learned how to outguess the Hidden Persuaders and the practitioners of the Hard Sell. He is not wasting his money these days. And John Kennedy may have a surprise coming this November if he thinks the New Mendicancy can be made to look alluring merely by calling it the New Frontier.

Letter from Rome

The "New" Olympics

SIR ARNOLD LUNN

Baron Pierre de Coubertin was born in 1863, a member of a famous French family. At the age of twenty he went to England to study the British educational system and wrote a thesis for his Baccalaureate on Dr. Thomas Arnold, the famous headmaster of Rugby. He was particularly impressed by the important role of athletics in English education. French education at that time was too exclusively intellectual. In his writings on education de Coubertin advocated a harmony between mind and muscle. He himself was no scholar, and there is nothing in his references to the classic Olympic games which could not have been lifted direct from an encyclopedia.

The first of the revived Olympics was held in Athens in 1896. The Turks were still in possession of large areas of *Graecia Irridenta,* and the Games by reminding Greeks of "the glory that was Greece" rendered this continued partition of Greece still more intolerable. The monks of Athos, still subject to the rule of Turkey, sent offerings towards the expenses of the Games, and just as the Greeks from the colonies met the Greeks of the motherland at Olympia, and seized the opportunity to discuss the common problems of the Hellenic world, so in the Athens of 1896 the Greeks who won their freedom met Greeks who had still to expel the Turk. It was freely asserted that the rekindling of Greek patriotism during the Games at Athens was a contributory cause of the Graeco-Turkish war.

Good-bye Greece

The Greeks naturally assumed that the revival of the Olympics would conform as far as possible to the classic pattern, that they would be held every four years—*in Greece.* De Coubertin had other ideas. His exploitation of the prestige of the classic Games was brilliant, but though he professed to be an ardent Hellenist he rejected two proposals which would, if accepted, have justified de Coubertin in claiming that the classic Games had been revived: the proposal that the Games should always be held in Greece and, in the main, confined to the same events as those included in the ancient Games. As the only man who has lived to see an event which he initiated, the modern slalom, included in the Olympic program, I am naturally glad that de Coubertin's view prevailed, but I am saddened by the indifference of successive Olympic committees to Hellenism.

The Medals

The classic Games proved an inspiration for noble art; the modern Games have served to advertise the decadence of art by a series of Olympic medals, the overwhelming majority of which are invincibly commonplace. Had de Coubertin been the Hellenist that he represented himself to be, he would have chosen a Greek design which would remain unchanged. Worse still, de Coubertin selected the banal Latin motto, *Citius, Altius Fortius* for the Olympic medals. In view of the low aesthetic level of the Olympic medals a suitable Greek inscription might have been "We cultivate beauty with economy" (Pericles quoted by Thucydides).

De Coubertin was far more realistic about the amateur question than most members of the modern Olympic Committee. He wrote:

> Amateur sport! wonderful mummy. A mummy which could be preserved in the museum of Boulak as an example of modern embalming. . . . Today I will risk the admission that I was never enthusiastic about this question. Amateurism provided me with a pretext to summon a Congress the real object of which was to revive the Olympic Games. Realizing as I did the importance attached to this question in sporting circles, I contributed the desired zeal, but it was a zeal without real conviction. My own conception of sport was also rejected by many, perhaps by the majority of sportsmen. For me sport signifies a religion, with church, dogma, cult . . . but above all with a religious feeling. And therefore it seemed to me as childish to link up all this with the fact that some athlete has received a five franc piece as to hasten to announce that such and such a churchwarden must be an atheist because he is being paid.

An odd mixture of realism and sentimentalism, realism so far as the amateur question is concerned, sentimentalism in his allusions to religion. Leslie Stephen defined sentimentalism as "indulging in sentiment for its own sake" and no clearer example of sentimentalism could be found than the attempt to indulge in religious sentiment for the sake of that sentiment.

De Coubertin wholly failed to understand that the classic Games were a religious, the modern Games a secular festival. The Greeks did not talk nonsense about athletics *being* a religion. The classic Games were neither a religion nor a substitute for religion. They were closely associated with religion, a very different matter.

The Greeks had many faults but they were singularly free from pretentiousness and insincerity and it is perhaps the attempt to present the modern Games in quasi-religious terms—the Olympic hymn for instance—which explains the contrast between modern and ancient Olympic literature. Contrast, for instance, the following passage from the 1948 edition of the Olympic rules:

> . . . the high ideals of those who are urging on the revival of the Olympic Games. . . . May they [youth] display cheerfulness and concord so that the Olympic torch may be carried on with ever greater eagerness, courage and honor for the good of humanity through the ages . . . in loyal competition . . . desirous of participating in them in the true spirit of sportsmanship for the honor of the country and the glory of sport. . . .

with the realism of Pindar

> That man is happy and song-worthy, by the skilled, who, victorious by might of hand or vigor of foot, achieves the greatest prizes with daring and with strength, and who, in his lifetime, sees his son, while yet a boy, crowned happily with Pythian wreaths. The brazen heaven, it is true, is inaccessible to him; but whatsoever joys we race of mortals touch, he reaches to the farthest voyage.

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Improving Textbooks

Anyone who has bothered to save school and college textbooks over the past forty or fifty years—or who will go to the trouble of turning over such textbooks as have accumulated in the attics of an old house—can see for himself that there has been a dismaying deterioration of quality with the passing of the decades. The paper, binding, illustrations, and typeface all have improved; but in style and substance, the text itself, in nearly all disciplines, has been reduced to boring and deceptive generalizations. Really first-rate textbooks for high schools now are difficult to obtain: the educationist pressure-groups have persuaded every big publisher in the field to adapt his textbooks to "progressive" and "permissive" standards.

What is equally disheartening, there has crept into textbooks a sermonizing indoctrination in "socially approved attitudes," at the expense of straightforward instruction in the particular discipline. This is true not only of "social studies" textbooks, but of many in the humanities. "Socially approved attitudes" usually include enthusiasm (quite undiscriminating) for the United Nations Organization, zeal for promoting equality of economic condition, fondness for the centralized welfare state, a favorable view of federal aid to schools, and all that. Until very recent years, sweet sympathy for the aims of the Soviet peoples was on this list of approved attitudes, in many textbooks: but in recent editions that socially-approved attitude has been stricken out or modified.

Sometimes the authors of these textbooks are so candid as to declare their aim of indoctrination. Take, for instance, the foreword "To Teachers" in a high school textbook entitled *Geography and World Affairs*, by Stephen Jones and Marion Fisher Murphy (Rand McNally and Company, 1957). Jones and Murphy declare roundly that "an important part of our objectives is the development of socially desirable understandings and attitudes. Evaluating these intangibles is more difficult. *Geography and World Affairs* sets up a series of subjective tests as one means by which the student's personal and social reactions may be gauged. These . . . may be used in pre-testing as a legitimate part of the evaluation process . . ." In short, indoctrination and conditioning are fine and dandy with Professor Jones and Mrs. Murphy. It should be said for them, however, that their "socially approved attitudes" toward world affairs and geography are merely part and parcel of a muddled and sentimental humanitarianism.

Distorted History

To effect some reform of substance and style in these textbooks, frank and fair criticism is necessary. Secondary school and high school textbooks are reviewed almost nowhere; college textbooks only in the journals of the learned societies. Educational administrators, professors, teachers, school-board members, and college trustees scarcely know where to turn for evaluation of textbooks, even when they are aware that the books used in their classes are anti-intellectual and propagandistic.

At a Michigan high school, a student's mother came to complain to the superintendent about the tenth grade textbook in American history. Yes, the superintendent agreed, it was a superficial and opinionated book. About Benjamin Franklin, for instance, all the textbook authors said was that he was senile at the Constitutional Convention and had been overfond of women. The superintendent knew and regretted this. But where could he find a better one? He had tried and failed. The whole level of history textbooks was low; and textbooks used in the school have to be on a list approved by the state educational authorities, so he was limited in his choice.

Lest I sink my readers irrecoverably deep in the Slough of Despond, I hasten to add that rescue is at hand: two tax-exempt foundations are taking action in this matter, and are about to make available evaluations of standard textbooks.

One of these organizations is America's Future, Inc. (542 Main Street, New Rochelle, New York). America's Future has established a textbook evaluation committee of scholars, and about 150 criticisms of textbooks used in junior and senior high schools —chiefly in the humanities and social studies—now are available at a nominal cost per report. The professors and writers on the evaluation committee are Anthony Bouscaren, Neil Carothers, Medford Evans, A. H. Hobbs, Willmoore Kendall, Ella Lonn, Marie Madden, J. B. Matthews, William McGovern, Felix Morley, E. Merrill Root, Hans Sennholz, Charles Callan Tansill, Raymond English, Mark Graubard, and your servant.

The other foundation, quite separate, is The Educational Reviewer, Inc. (P.O. Box 3070, Grand Central Station, New York 17). Your servant is the president of this organization, and also will be the editor of its quarterly bulletin, *The University Bookman*, the first number of which will be available within the month. NATIONAL REVIEW will handle distribution of this bulletin, and all readers of this magazine will receive *The University Bookman* free of charge; other people interested may subscribe for two dollars a year.

The University Bookman will publish short articles on higher education, and fairly lengthy reviews of select college textbooks. Initially, it will emphasize and commend the better textbooks available. Among the reviewers in early numbers of this bulletin will be Ernest Van Den Haag, Warren Fleischauer, Minoo Adenwallah, Jerzy Hauptmann, Peter Stanlis, John Abbot Clark, Raymond English and R. A. Nisbet.

If you, gentle reader, desire to aid in the improvement of textbooks, we suggest you give or lend copies of these evaluations to professors, teachers, school board members, and college trustees—aye, even unto administrators. Say not the struggle naught availeth.

»BOOKS·ARTS·MANNERS«

Election-Year Bargain

WILLMOORE KENDALL

Clinton Rossiter's *Parties and Politics in America* (Cornell University Press, an election-year bargain at $1.75) is 1) a witty, skillful, "up-to-now" summarization of the burgeoning literature on American political parties; 2) a shrewd attempt to influence the political opinions of the thousands of college students and paper-back-bookstore customers who will be reading it this year and 3) an attempt, indispensable to 2), to adjudicate some of the continuing "issues" about political parties that have arisen over the decades in American political theory.

As the first of these, the book is a remarkable accomplishment: it compresses into less than two hundred pages of lucid, fast-moving prose all that the general reader and the beginning college student need to know about what the political scientists have written on American political parties. Had the author let it go at that, the book might have performed a much-needed educational function. Book-reading Americans, who certainly need to know more about their political parties, are estopped from learning about them by the dullest and most illiterate shelf of books that American political scientists, with their unlimited capacity for dullness and illiteracy, have yet created. Rossiter brings the findings of that literature to life, makes them intelligible, drives them home. *Parties and Politics in America* makes a couple of evenings of indispensable reading for anyone sufficiently sophisticated about politics to realize, before reaching the grape-arbor, that he or she is being led down the garden-path.

That brings us to 2) Rossiter's assault on the political chastity of his readers, the lust and relevant skills for which seem now to grow within him from book to book. He uses as his seductive lure what I like to call the planted axiom: the proposition of dubious validity put forward, in the context of an impressive array of footnotes, as just plain fact, in the presence of which the learned author stands helpless, resigned, and with nothing left to do except pass it on to the reader (who, he manages to suggest, must, being an intelligent man, already know it). All Liberals of course use the planted axiom: but Rossiter, unlike the others, knows better than to do it, and once upon a time was too good to do it. As he himself would put it, he once scraped the stars, and at least approached glory, in a book called *Seedtime of the Republic*, the most loving, objective, scholarly account we have of the roots of the American political tradition.

ROSSITER will not believe me—not at first, anyhow—when I say that what is at issue here is *not* the fact that I dislike his particular planted axioms and their political tendency. I do happen to dislike them, and do very much hope, in opposition to Rossiter, that America will not move in the direction in which it would move if everybody accepted them. But that is not the point, which is, rather: by pretending, under the mantle of scholarship, to know all the answers both about what America *ought* to do and what it is *going* to do, Rossiter stacks the cards, and goes to a lot of trouble to deal them to people who have no way of guessing when they are being cold-decked.

As for 3), Rossiter's adjudication of certain issues that American political theorists like to debate about, his procedure is remarkably similar to that of the men who write the platforms of our political parties, namely, the accommodation of *all* points of view. Each of the many authors he cites will, in consequence, if he but looks at the right page (as, proceeding from the index, he is very likely to do), go away feeling that Rossiter has mercifully confirmed his own most deeply-meditated conclusions.

At the beginning of the book Rossiter wrings his hands over the terrifying numbers of our voters who stay away from the polls. At the end of the book he is quite sophisticated about "non-voting," recognizing that it is *not* an index of the health of a democracy (though not so sophisticated as to concede that which is obvious to this reviewer, namely, that given what we know about the kind of people who do not vote, we owe the health of our democracy in large part to their abstention). On one hand, we get the straightest of straight bread-and-butter-and-pork-chops explanations of American politics; on the other hand, he speaks as if it involved the highest moral and spiritual aspirations of the soul of man.

In one section the Democratic and Republican parties really *are* "different," so that it really *does* matter (independently of the personalities "up" in a given election) which of them you vote for; in another section he gives us a "prescription" for making them still more different. Look elsewhere and you will find the confession that in "important respects" (*the* important ones for Rossiter, incidentally, and for me) they are as much alike as two textbooks on American government . . . plus the concession that that is how it has got to be . . . plus the concession that it'll be a bad day for our democracy when it has ceased to be.

Here we learn that we Americans are deeply united ideologically, so deeply that really major issues cannot become issues between our parties; there we find refreshingly frank recognition of the ideological chasm that divides our Goldwaters and Bridgeses and Byrds and Russells from our

Douglases, Humphreys and Stevensons. Here we seem about to face up to *the* big fact of American politics—the continuing clash over the *deepest* issues between the Executive, which tries to bring about a revolution, and the Congress, which tries to prevent one—and to the relation of that clash to the way in which the two are elected. We seem about to probe into the reasons, about which we all know so little, why the same electorate chooses *that* kind of President and *that* kind of Congress (that is, we seem about to get somewhere). There we learn that it is all quite simple, the result of the "gerrymander" (as Rossiter says, one good gerrymander deserves another), which, in our Presidential elections, gives the green light to one part of the electorate, and in our congressional elections to another (which is to miss the problem altogether).

My point is not that Rossiter contradicts himself in this book as in his book on conservatism, with an air of innocence that is possible only to the man unspoiled by theory—this being merely the vice of his age and of his calling. Nor is it my point that the contradictions are inexcusable: most of the dilemmas in question are real dilemmas. My concern is his refusal to let the dilemmas drive him to those deeper levels of discourse on which contradictions are translated, as in the American political system so many contradictions are, into the tensions of meaningful paradox. The effect of that refusal, here as in so much Liberal writing, is simply to forswear discussion—in favor, of course, of planted axioms: the future is the welfare state; the future is internationalism; everything's decided, except the moment at which the decision is to be promulgated.

Fiction

Notes from a Summer Reader

JOAN DIDION

THE *New York Times Book Review,* not long ago, carried a full-page Scribner's advertisement so perversely entrancing that I have been unable since to remove it from prominent display above my fireplace. In tasteful lower-case italics on half-tone, the copy reads: "two books to restore your faith in the novel." The two books, shown large as life, are Marcia Davenport's *The Constant Image* and C. P. Snow's *The Affair.* Now although neither the *New York Times Book Review* nor those particular books ever did much to restore my faith in the unexpendability of movable type, let alone of the novel, one among the summer's novels—and it was a dry summer—went a good way toward doing exactly that. (I grant that my reading of summer fiction has perhaps been cursory; for reasons with which those of you under thirty-five must surely sympathize, I skipped, for example, a novel by a young man said to have "done for his generation what J. D. Salinger and Jack Kerouac did for theirs.")

The novel I liked is Wright Morris' *Ceremony in Lone Tree* (Atheneum, $4.00), an account of how a Nebraska family gathers to celebrate the ninetieth birthday of its oldest member, Tom Scanlon, a man about whom the Omaha *Bee* once ran a front-page story headlined "MAN WHO KNEW BUFFALO BILL SPENDS LONELY XMAS." The Scanlons and their kin are Westerners: the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of emigrants. To be such a Westerner is to belong to a breed apart; the children of pioneer emigrants in California, for instance, have no more in common with the children of the early Spanish families than they do with those corporation wives, shipped west by General Electric or Campbell's Soup, who *absolutely live on the patio,* entertaining other natives of Scarsdale.

Raised on the litany of the difficult way West, the emigrant children have as their heritage only manifest destiny, always a tradition, as Henry Nash Smith has pointed out, devoid of reference to the past. History began, for these Westerners, the day their family cut loose from society and struck into the desolate promised land that was California or Utah or Nebraska. Now, when manifest destiny has lost its explicability, the conundrum obsessing them is why history began at all. But through constant elaboration of the myths involved in westward expansion, they manage, with the sure self-preservative instincts of sleepwalkers, to obscure their doubts. What it is to be a Southerner has been explored in fiction at some length; what it is to be a Westerner scarcely at all, even though the tension central to both the Southern and the Western experience is this inability to distinguish between myth and reality.

Everyone, in *Ceremony in Lone Tree,* lives in this shadowy, devious territory between the dream and the real. There is Calvin, twenty years old, as handsome, his lusting first cousin thinks, as Gary Cooper (and do not overlook the evocation of the myth there), but crippled socially by an excruciating stutter (lost to society, as irretrievably as his grandfather before him). Calvin runs away to Colorado and Utah, into the country of his grandfather's memories. Panning gold in uranium country, he sights and instantly hates an interloper with a geiger counter. *How did he get here,* Calvin asks; I have heard the same question from great-aunts in Sacramento, wanting to know who built 32,000 flat-top houses on the old Auburn road. From Calvin at twenty to the old man at ninety, the Scanlons and their kith are dispossessed.

This is a complex, structural novel; lines that seem, in the first few chapters, throwaway jokes become, by the last few, the *leitmotiv.* I think it quite a good novel.

Ceremony in Lone Tree is both an illuminating and an entertaining novel; Jerome Weidman's seventeenth novel, *Before You Go* (Random House, $4.95), is neither, although it might make, as they say, A-Magnificent-Movie, A-Film-With-Scope. Reading it, on the other hand, is vaguely depressing, like spending an evening watching, through the windows of a tenement apartment, somebody else's home movies of a wedding trip to Grossinger's twenty-

five years ago. *Before You Go* has as its hero a "half saint, half demagogue" who goes from the Midwest to a job in a lower East Side settlement house to a mission doing something about public power dams in Oregon ("Put the Under Secretary on, please") to a wartime office in the White House, an odyssey which seems to suggest that Mr. Weidman had Harry Hopkins in the back of his mind.

It is just as well that he did, because he never appears to have had much else there, back or front. With the certain instincts of a bad novelist, Mr. Weidman foregoes, however, the chance to explore what made Harry (or "Benjamin Franklin Ivey") run, in favor of telling his story from the point of view of a young Italian girl from the lower East Side who shares with her sister an on-again-off-again interest in Ivey. (Who could blame them, when he's forever quoting Wordsworth, or, as he calls him, "the old maestro.") What makes Julie Sarno run is pretty much what made Pamela write letters, and the situation gets very girlish indeed. We first meet Julie in wartime London, listening to the BBC's Home and Forces Programme and trying to straighten out her roommate, who is too fat, and messes with a Midwestern general of whom Mr. Weidman does not approve because he is not among those fighting men "who in their moments of relaxation sought refreshment by reading Plato, viewing Gauguin, or discussing Schiller."

For Julie, "the war had come along at a moment in her life when, drained by an outpouring of emotions she had not yet learned how to guard against or control, she had grasped desperately at a job that took her away from the scenes of her troubled past." Her troubled past means Benjamin Ivey, but that's Mr. Weidman's story, and who could tell it better than he? A lower East Side boy himself, he has lost in the course of those seventeen novels neither the inimitable syntax nor the worldview embodied only, I like to think, in settlement-house-library copies of Gene Stratton Porter's *Girl of the Limberlost.*

Dilemma of the Intellectual

RICHARD M. WEAVER

During the eighteenth century there appeared in the culture of the West a new type which today is publicly acknowledged as "the intellectual." Most likely he arose in response to another new phenomenon, to which we now refer as public opinion. His characteristic function is intellectual brokerage, and therefore some would distinguish him from the original thinker, the scholar, and the expert. It is his part to stand midway between these and the general public which is destined to receive their ideas in some form. His identifying gift is a superior articulateness, and he operates chiefly as a higher-grade publicist, who makes it his job to present in the right light the findings of more creative or profounder minds.

That his work in recent times, if measured by simple consequences, has been important cannot be denied, and this we may regard as the occasion for the publication of *The Intellectual: a Controversial Portrait* (ed. George B. de Huszar, Free Press, $7.50). The book is a compilation of statements (many of them essay-length excerpts from longer works) about the nature, role and public image of the intellectual, by authors ranging from de Tocqueville to Valery, Schopenhauer to Camus, Stalin to T. S. Eliot, and Dostoievski to H. L. Mencken. Some of the authors have been intellectuals themselves in some of their roles; a few have been intellectuals merely. The account that one casts up from the various presentations is slightly if at all in favor of the intellectual, but no doubt is left that he is a force to be reckoned with.

I regret that I cannot give even a sampling of the many fine *aperçus* to be found in the sixty-eight different portraits. Space permits only the broaching of two or three questions that insistently appear in many of them.

The intellectual is best described as one who sees the world under the aspect of ideas. Inevitably therefore he is a critic of ideas, and as a critic of ideas he must be a critic of morals. Criticism of morals leads him directly to criticism of institutions, and this largely explains the actual influence he has had in history. Frequently the intellectual has been some kind of revolutionary, and when not a revolutionary he has supplied the ideas with which revolutionaries of the active and irreconcilable sort have worked to subvert the existing order.

It is an historical commonplace that intellectuals furnished the ideas with which the bourgeoisie overthrew the feudal regime in Europe; and today it is a notorious fact that intellectuals have been exceedingly active in the greatest subversive movement in history, whereby a doctrinaire Communism seeks to overthrow an order which has been the very basis of Western civilization. Political points of view aside, one theme seems to be more or less continuous: an estrangement of the men who work with ideas from the society which has nurtured them. This raises a problem: is there something in the nature of the ideologue as a broker of ideas which places very strong pressure upon him to think of himself as an outsider or even as a foe of the existing system?

One consideration is that many intellectuals of the past two centuries have been classless parvenus. The phrase is paradoxical, but it may serve to point out that they are individuals who have arrived by routes of education and professional experience where they understand the nature, the resources, and the mechanisms of society without having a real place in it. Like other men, the intellectual desires to belong, but he does not belong in the traditional, instinctive sense; he is not "declassed"; he is "classed," and yet he is without a class. Self-consciousness about this may lead him to ask the question "Why?", when it would never occur to one less privileged but at the same time less self-conscious.

Not only is the intellectual often conspicuous for this sense of insecurity, he is also a person actually in a dilemma, for it is certain that he can never de-intellectualize himself. Once he has arrived at his kind of education and awareness, he is in a state of lost innocence; he can never go

back to the primeval garden. What then is the solution for him? The metaphor may suggest a solution; what the intellectual today stands in need of is atonement. He needs to recover an at-oneness with historical society. One of the atonements he must make is for a rationalism which, in the absence of transcendental guiding principles, can issue only in power-seeking and the worship of the centralized state.

THOUGH it is impossible for him to de-intellectualize himself, to go back to the unreflective life, he can find for his special gifts plenty of defensive work of a noble sort. The mission of the intellectual in our age of crisis is to use his intellect to defeat the presumptions of other intellects which are not willing to accept the discipline of total reality—to supply sound reasons for those settlements which a free and humane society makes and must continue to make in order to survive. Not everyone is called upon to see the world under the aspect of ideas. Therefore the intellectual's peculiar virtue of clarity and cogent expression can do for the generality of men something which needs doing but which they are unable to do for themselves.

Up to the present the majority of intellectuals have been concerned to argue that the consensus, whatever it happened to be, was wrong. What they now have to do, since the depth of the conflict can no longer be ignored, is to show that there is a consensus—beneath that consensus about which we may permissibly quarrel—which is essential to the preservation of culture and civilization. This is not an assignment to write apologias for all the features of the *status quo*. It is an invocation to criticize from the basis of historical actuality and transcendental truth as well as from the vantage point of speculative freedom. It would be a reversal of the real treason of the intellectuals, and an end to nihilism.

There is no reason why the intellectual should not speak as an exponent of his social order as well as a critic of it. But before he can do that, he will have to learn some things which ordinary men seem to understand out of sheer simplicity. Lenin observed that the working class, if left to itself, would never rise above "trade union psychology." That is because it would reject the illusions of "scientific socialism" and strive for improvement within the limits of reality. Many of our intellectuals have been less wise than the workingmen. But the intellectual who can weather all the sophistications and arrive at basic verities would be complete and regenerate in a way that would allow us to look upon him as a person especially trustworthy for leadership.

If Mr. de Huszar's collection of portraits will permit this moral to be drawn, we can regard it as an edifying gallery.

Movies

The Novel Was Bad Enough

FRANCIS RUSSELL

BY THE TIME the Hollywood rewriters get through there is often nothing left but the title—I remember particularly the long-vanished and unlamented *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*. In the film version of *Elmer Gantry*, Sinclair Lewis' thirty-three-year-old exposé of the hot gospellers, the rewriters have retained about a third of the original. The book had a blunted point, the film has none at all.

In writing *Elmer Gantry* Sinclair Lewis fell flat on his face, a position he would retain for the rest of his life and from which not even the Nobel Prize could raise him. *Main Street* was his *Bovary*, summing up for the burgeoning debunking era his resentment that Sauk Center, Minnesota, could not be more like Greenwich Village. In *Babbitt* he ticked off the flatulent booster-Rotarian businessman and added, or almost added, a word to the language. (Lewis' own cultural limitations are obvious in his picking for his hero's name that of Harvard's formidable neo-classicist.) With these two books he made his name as the ace novelist of the Mencken escadrille.

The belated echo of his debunking reputation brought him the Nobel Prize in the next decade. Certainly *Elmer Gantry* brought him little. Here Lewis set out to expose Religion, by which he understood the bethels of his boyhood, the fundamentalist Baptist seminaries, the YMCA purity sessions. Assuming the stance of the village atheist who leaves instructions to have selections from Ingersoll read at his funeral, he managed to wrap up all his religious antipathies in the person of the wenching, drinking, gospel-shouting Elmer Gantry. George Babbitt represented a general type. Elmer Gantry was intended to be his ecclesiastical equivalent, but he was not. Though he may have existed—as did Sharon Falconer, Lewis' fictional Aimee Semple McPherson—he was vestigial even then. Lewis should have had the judgment to pick a more central target, like Frankie Buchman—although by the time he wrote *Elmer Gantry* he had probably exhausted himself as well as his material.

Which brings us to the picture. Why resurrect yesterday's miss in a day when even the most rustic Baptist seminary gives courses in pastoral psychology and marriage adjustment, when the larger and more Protestant city churches have a private line to Tillich and Fromm? I suppose the film has a message, for it begins with an elaborate disclaimer of any reflection being intended on true religion and virtue, plus a pious request that children under sixteen be suffered to stay at home. What the message seems to be is—to stick to the brand-name religions. And it would be a brave producer who would make an identifiable denominational villain! One would never gather from Elmer's film antics what an aversion Lewis had for Baptists and Methodists. Personally, as a high-church Episcopalian I should welcome a film—with its necessary declaimer—showing a villainous rabbi and a conniving priest fleecing an Episcopal bishop. But I know I shall never see it, not in the Eisenhowerian second religiosity.

Back to the picture! Burt Lancaster plays the part of Elmer as if he were playing the Hairy Ape, in fact as if he were the Hairy Ape. To give him credit, he's lusty. The screen play

centers around the book's Sharon Falconer episode, and throws in the titillations of Elmer's randy rovings, the interior of a brothel, and sundry revival meetings where converts bark like dogs. Jean Simmons as Sharon the Gospel Queen is quite enchanting, playing the role much better than Aimee the brassy original ever could have done. She is getting just the least bit stringy in the throat; the dew of *Black Narcissus* has evaporated, but I am sure she could still convert most males to almost anything. At the outset she tries hard to assume a mid-Western accent ("Oh Gahd!") but before the reel is out the crisp consonants and modulated dipthongs pop out with the old precision. I must say the holocaust of the final gospel meeting was enjoyable, particularly for any old members of the Box 57 Association in the audience, but I was sorry to see Jean go up in smoke and Elmer emerge with only the hair singed. That was the way it happened in the book, but there wasn't much of the book left in any case. I don't know about those under-sixteeners, but Billy Graham in his mountain retreat has nothing to fear.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

DR. SCHWEITZER OF LAMBARENE, by Norman Cousins (Harper, $3.95). The Liberal orthodoxy has its own hagiology, according to which there is no greater saint than Albert Schweitzer. To his shrine Norman Cousins goes on pilgrimage, and comes back with a revelation on nuclear testing. The air of incense in this book makes us remember that Liberalism is a Christian heresy—the divorce of virtue from doctrine, commonly known as do-goodism. The do-gooder is more aware of his own good act than of that action's proper goal. (Schweitzer repeatedly says that his curing of natives is an argument, a paradigm presented to the world. It is here that the heretic differs from the Christian saint.) When an evolutionary *élan* replaces the solid spirit-world of truth—as it does in Dr. Schweitzer's theology—then men can no longer love a defined God or man outside themselves. They "simply love," and that inner twitching is itself their "God." All definition—not only of the Trinity's nature, but of the human person, the claims of truth, and even of national boundaries—is dissolved in this religion of inner impulse. The hydrogen bomb is not nearly so destructive. G. WILLS

CARRINGTON, by Michael Straight (Knopf, $4.50). We are doubly blessed in having lost a bad politician (Mr. Straight was treasurer of Henry Wallace's Progressive Party and a founder of Americans for Democratic Action) and gained a good writer who promises to be still better. *Carrington* is the story of the intermeshing events and persons that led to the Fetterman Massacre in northern Wyoming, December 21, 1866. As Mr. Straight tells the tale, it is informative and authentic as history, and shot with that classical suspense with which we follow each fated step toward a known and inevitable dénouement. Moreover, besides its irreversible forward motion, the entire narrative is also made to revolve around a moral problem that is confronted with both insight and objectivity: the dilemma of the thoughtful humanitarian who must take responsibility for public action in an inhumane world—in this case, the insoluble and tragic dilemma in which Colonel Henry Carrington vainly agonized as his immovable principles met the irresistible realities of the savage frontier. J. BURNHAM

IN MANY VOICES, by Edward Hunter (Norman College, $3.50). Most English-speaking Americans would be astounded to learn that 65 daily newspapers, 217 weeklies, and more than 100 other periodicals are now being published in this country in languages other than English. As Edward Hunter points out in this compact and fast-moving survey, our foreign-language press is a vast if not always lucrative business—an unseen but powerful force in American life. On the whole, Hunter finds it to be a force for good. He points out, for example, that most foreign-language editors have been sounding the alarm on Communism for years, showing much more acumen about Soviet intentions than their native American colleagues. Hunter's discussion of this and related matters, and his systematic catalogue of the several publications by language group, combine to make this a valuable book of reference and instruction. M. S. EVANS

DRAGON'S WINE, by Borden Deal (Scribner, $3.95). Duncan's Bottom belongs to the Squire. His are the cotton fields and the livestock, the woods and the lumber mill, the houses of his people and the general store. Whenever any of his people determine to marry or to die he climbs into his ancient black suit to perform the honors; on Sundays he sits in the store to administer to every child, in private, a nickel's worth of peppermint candy and admonition. Into Duncan's Bottom, Borden Deal has set *Macbeth*. The old Squire has raised two orphan cousins, Homer Greaves and Bud Tate, the one to run the mill, and the other the farm; and it has been prophesied by a man cast out by the townspeople for his second sight that Homer Greaves will one day be The Man of Duncan's Bottom. Homer Greaves and his wife Kate do not await the natural death of Mr. Duncan. In making the plot of *Dragon's Wine* conform to that of *Macbeth*, Mr. Deal never sacrifices the uniqueness of his characters to the demands of the pattern. *Dragon's Wine* is sensuous, passionate, exciting. Written colloquially, it remains classic in form and flavor. M. B. O'REILLY

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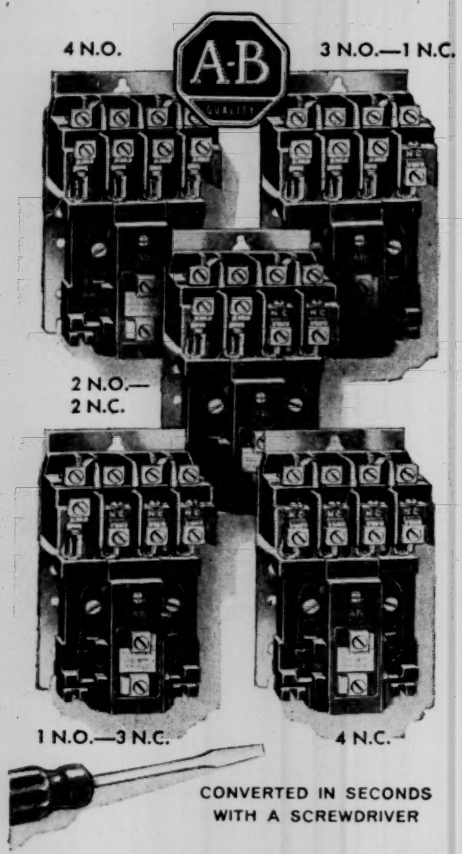

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To the Editor

The Hazard Story

Re your editorial "Hazardous Company" [July 30]:

In *National Geographic* magazine of December 1944, there is an article by Owen Lattimore entitled "New Road to Asia," which deals with the famous Wallace mission to Chungking. Mr. Lattimore wrote:

"The journey was precedent-breaking and precedent-making in many ways. Never before had an American of such high rank visited Soviet territory. . . . Of the civilian personnel, John N. Hazard, who did the most important interpreting in Russian, was especially well equipped because of his experience in the Soviet Lend-Lease section of the Foreign Economic Administration. I represented the Office of War Information and did the interpreting in Mongol and part of the interpreting in Chinese. John Carter Vincent, Chief of the Division of Chinese Affairs of the Department of State, was the Vice President's [Wallace] political and diplomatic aide."

Baltimore, Md. MRS. FRANCIS HAMILL

I was pained by NATIONAL REVIEW'S recent list of insinuations against Professor John Hazard of Columbia University in its discussion of the Powers trial in Moscow. While I agree that there are many enigmas connected with this case I can hardly concur that Professor Hazard's presence in Warsaw is one of them: Eastern Europe is a rather suitable place for a specialist on Eastern Europe to visit during the summers.

Although I am not qualified to pass judgment on the question of Professor Hazard's early scholarly endeavors, it might at least be pointed out that a writer on Soviet law by the nature of things has to lean heavily on Soviet handouts, just as a writer on U.S. law would have to start from material propagated in Washington. The evidence of defectors has its value, but conservatives (of whom I account myself one) have an unfortunate tendency to accept their every word as gospel.

Furthermore, could the busy editor of NATIONAL REVIEW have spared the time to peruse, say, Professor Hazard's *The Soviet System of Government* (1957), he might have found it a strain even on his imagination to picture the author as a Soviet sympathizer, as the book's chief aim is the description of how outwardly democratic Soviet institutions are manipulated to serve the interests of the leadership.

New York City CHARLES A. MOSER

NATIONAL REVIEW'S *busy editor has discovered that, on seeing our editorial on Mr. Hazard, one of our readers appeared before a congressional committee and there testified that he had known John Hazard as a member of the Communist Party in the late thirties. Mr. Hazard may well have defected since then, in which case we and others—including, presumably, the FBI—would welcome an account of his background and associations during the period when he was instructing us on Soviet law, presumably under the discipline of the Soviet Union.* —ED.

Says Reds Still Red

. . . Mr. Stefan Possony's statement (August 13), "In 1938, subsequent to the extermination of the old Bolsheviks, the teaching of Marxism-Leninism was all but abandoned within the Russian Communist Party," could be read to imply that Communism since 1938 has no longer taken its own ideology seriously. This kind of assertion would not be merely mistaken, but dangerously misleading. . . . All Soviet students must be familiar with the main writings of Marx, Engels and Lenin. During the last two years of their studies, they devote fully 50 per cent of their time to party and ideological matters. . . . It is the privilege of wishful Liberals to hope against hope that Communism has "shed" its ideology and that Communist rulers are now motivated by the same kind of considerations as the President of the United States and the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom. Possony, who has always insisted that to deal with Communists as if they ran a normal kind of government would be suicidal error, can certainly not be suspected of wishful sentimentality. The reason why Com-

munists in power are not like normal governments is, of course, that their entire outlook on the world and its affairs has been hopelessly warped by the incessant pressure of their minds into the ideological mold.

Notre Dame, Ind. GERHART NIEMEYER

Conservatives' Dilemma

. . . If we ever want to get back to conservatism in government our only hope is to be sure to keep the Democrats OUT of power. By not voting we give them our vote. . . .

. . . I am not for turning my country over to Chester Bowles, John Galbraith, Adlai and Soapy Williams. I think too much of her to downgrade her with less than the best we have to choose from.

Santa Rosa, Cal. MRS. BERNARD GREEFF

Some states do not permit write-in votes. But conservatives would appear to have two choices. First they can simply cast an unmarked ballot in protest. Or second (and this should really call attention to the conservatives' dissatisfaction), they can stage "sit-ins" in voting booths on election day. Recently sit-ins have proved a very effective way to achieve group objectives. Although sit-ins may not be exactly legal, they have been endorsed by both major parties.

Falmouth, Va. THERESA M. PORTER

Now that Richard Nixon has contributed to the national purpose series in a national purposeless magazine, we all realize that "never has the American purpose been more clear." He even makes bold to suggest that we dedicate ourselves to the defeat of Communism; then approvingly observes that "Since the end of World War II the core of American foreign policy has been support of the United Nations." Since when has the international purpose of the United Nations been the defeat of Communism, pray tell? Here is one conservative who will find it impossible to vote.

Montclair, N.J. L. WECAUSE SCHULZ

Wright on Galbraith

Congratulations to David McCord Wright (August 13) for a brilliant dissection of Galbraith!

St. Paul, Minn. ALLEN KLEIN

It seems that Mr. Wright has rather zealously misinterpreted Mr. Galbraith's attitude toward Marxist ideas. As I read it, Mr. Galbraith asserts that: 1. Joan Robinson nas conceded that Marx' prediction of the inevitable (and disastrous) fall of profits in capitalist societies was wrong; 2. the majority of Marx' sympathizers, however, would not make this concession; 3. they would insist, instead, that diligent between-the-lines reading of their Leader would show that he never predicted this in the first place, and had simply been misunderstood.

The two sentences quoted in the article, when read in the context paraphrased above, clearly are put in the mouths of this "majority of sympathizers," and do not represent Mr. Galbraith's own attitude.

Schenectady, N.Y. JOHN M. HAGUE

Guided Tour of ENCMP

Contrary to M. N. Rothbard's statement in his review of *A Proper Monetary and Banking System for the United States* (July 2) the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy is not committed to returning to the status quo ante 1933. . . . What the committee advocates is sound money and a monetary policy which will preclude the abuse of credit. . . . The bulletin, *Monetary Notes*, clearly states:

> It is the purpose of the Economists' National Committee on Monetary Policy to study all pertinent issues in the field of money, credit, and prices and to continue to expose the weaknesses of unsound monetary proposals such as those of the inflationists and devaluationists, programs for fixing interest rates at low levels by fiat, and attempts to merge all monetary and fiscal controls in the hands of a single government authority—indeed all current and recurring monetary issues which call for examination by an organized committee of nonpartisan experts.

Lake Forest, Ill. ELLERTON A. LODGE

Freud, Thou Art Mighty Yet!

I notice that you are consistent with all other conservatives and conservative publications when it comes to an evaluation of Sigmund Freud (July 30). . . . [Freud] was a mature man who made a sincere, genuine effort to understand and define the true concepts relating to personality development—including the positive traits every bit as much as the weaknesses, or negative traits, of each individual. . . .

In expressing his concepts in purely biological, or materialistic, terms he

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intended that this would make them more explicit, but it seems to have had the exactly opposite effect! For example, when he employed the word "pleasure" to describe sensation, people have assumed that he meant nothing but sex or sensuality. This is far from true. The term "pleasure," to Freud, meant *anything* which gave an individual comfort, satisfaction, or gratification. . . .

He never condoned or encouraged free love, and was primarily interested in ways and means whereby the individual could release his creative impulse. . . in as constructive a manner as possible. . . .

Burbank, Cal. MRS. JANIE B. SANDERS

Tennessee Primary

. . . To conclude that the election of Kefauver indicated acceptance in Tennessee of the Democratic platform and civil rights might be hasty in view of the fact that all Democratic congressmen in Tennessee were re-elected and they *all* voted against civil rights. Organized labor and national party political pressure were not brought into play in the congressional races; they were in the senatorial race.

Nashville, Tenn. JACK KERSHAW

Christmas in July

It's like Christmas in July. I never dreamed I'd be able to read NATIONAL REVIEW while sitting in a café in Paris. It came at a very appropriate time because, after two weeks in the Soviet Union, I was really thirsting for some nice, reactionary reading matter. . . .

Besançon, France TERRI SHAW

Our Neffervescence

Your magazine is featuring a lot of drivel lately, and I'm wondering why. . . . Of course I wish you to be bouffant and brisk, but to be wearisome . . . your effervescence just simply effervascent!

It is a seasonal hazard for plasmolysis to set in due to exosmosis in the cytoplasm—but has the vaunted New Conservative wit wilted for reasons
beyond seasons?

JAMES J. BAUMGARTNER

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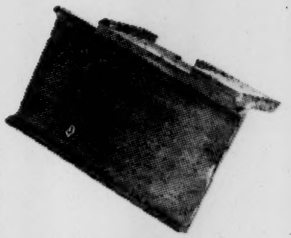

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